

THE
BASTARD:
A
TRAGEDY.

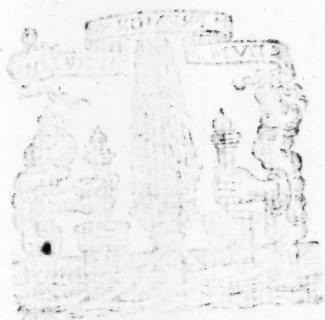


L O N D O N,

Printed for M. M. T. Collins , and Gabriell Bedell,
and are to be sold at their shop at the Middle-
Temple-gate in Fleetstreet , 1652.

THE
BASTARD:

A
TRAGEDY.



LONDON:

Printed for M. M. F. C. and J. O. G. by
and are to be had of the
Temple-gate in Fleet-street, 1832.



Prologue.

NO Comick Scene shall here salute your eye,
Whose scoffing Vein may tickle, till you lye
Half breathless in your mirth, and so at best
Prize your applause with some new minted jest.
The Tragick Buskin traverses our stage
In bloody Fillets, fitter for this Age,
Where Treason, Murder, Lust, and ev'ry Vice
Grows impudent, and rifles for the Dice.

Translation is no crime, We here impresse
A Spanish BASTARD in an English dresse;
And lay him at your Doores, that some of You
Mov'd with a milder Genius might bestow
Some favour on our Out-Cast; by your hand
Our Brat must dye or live, must fall or stand.
We crave your Charitable smile, the rather
Because he's not so Wise to know's own Father.
And Pallas-like (if w^e are not too profane!)
He had no Mother but his Father's brain.
Thus Fatherless and Motherless! We sue
For him in humble flexures unto you:
My Faith assures me, many of you have known
To make some Bastards which you durst not own.
For shame or fear, and some of you may be
Mistaken in your Fathers Pedigree;
Your favour cannot shame you; may h^e invite
Your bounty, though but in a smile or mite.
Some Childless Signior, take him to his feet;
'Twere Cruelty to let him lie i'th' street:
A sin! alas! a shame! a sin! that He
Should beg upon the Parish-Charity.

PROLOGUE.

*He's born, and must be kept! faith! think upon't,
 And stand his God-Fathers once at the Font:
 His boon is not ambitious; since 'tis such,
 Deign him your Patronage, 't won't cost you much.
 True Charity should feel no stomach qualms;
 Know, Sirs, a BASTARD may deserve your Alms:
 We crave your serious Thoughts, if any Crime
 Render him odious, blame his Fate, not him;
 He scorns Censorious Criticks; and don't fear
 To stand the Barre to a judicious Ear;
 For though to be a BASTARD be his Fate,
 His Wit is sterling, and legitimate.* Exit.

Enter G A S P A R.

*The world so swarms with Bastards now, that I
 Need not despair for want of Company;
 I'm in among the Throng, although you say,
 I came through the back-Doore, or by th' wrong-way,
 I care not; if I may some Portion merit,
 I am content, I beg not to inherit;
 Though Bastardisme can make no Title good,
 Yet know a BASTARD may have Noble blood;
 And challenge Kindred with the best: my Name
 Would not be made the White for squint-ey'd Fame
 To dart her Arrows at, had every Front
 Its Lineage and Descent well drawn upon't;
 Nor would the world need Spectacles: 'tis known
 Though I'm a BASTARD, not a common one;
 Yet, that my Name is in my fore-head plac'd,
 Blame th' Printer, 'twas he made me brazen-fac'd:
 Perhaps he fear'd, lest I should stray, so some
 (Reading my Name) might eas'ly bring me home.
 Well! this poor favor sue I from your breath,
 That, since I must be prest, 't may n't be to Death,
 And that the Ballads may not rack my Fame,
 A BASTARD craves this Portion, a good Name.*

THE



Drammatis Personæ.

| | |
|------------|--|
| ALONZO, | A Merchant, Father to <i>Mariana</i> . |
| ALVAREZ, | An indebted Merchant, Father to <i>Picarro</i> . |
| FREDERICK, | A rich old Humorist, Father to <i>Balthazar</i> . |
| ALVARADO, | Uncle to Don <i>Præpöntio</i> . |
| PRÆPONTIO, | A foolish Gallant, contracted to <i>Varina</i> . |
| CHAVES, | A Florentine, <i>Mariana's</i> Paramour, formerly Contracted to <i>Eugenia</i> . |
| RODERIGVEZ | Brother to <i>Eugenia</i> . |
| BALTHAZAR, | Contracted to <i>Mariana</i> . |
| PICARRO, | Husband to <i>Mariana</i> . |
| GASPAR, | A Bastard, Servant to <i>Alonzo</i> . |
| THOMASO, | Servant to <i>Chaves</i> . |
| RUBIO, | Servants to <i>Præpöntio</i> . |
| HEBES, | |
| MARIANA, | Daughter to <i>Alonzo</i> . |
| VARINA, | An Orphan in the Guardianship of <i>Alonzo</i> . |
| EVGENIA, | Sister to <i>Roderiguez</i> , and deserted by <i>Chaves</i> . |
| CATALINA, | <i>Mariana's</i> Maid. |
| CORINNA, | <i>Varina's</i> Maid. |

PRIEST.

TAYLOR, 2. VARLOTS,
FIDLERS, 3. BOYES,
MASQUERS, GUARDS.
The Scene SIVILL.

THE BASTARD.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

Enter Alonso and Gaspar.

Alonso.

Be sure hee'l come?

Gaspar. I'm sure he promis'd me.

But Debtors words are like to whirl-winds, here
And ev'ry where when they should pay. This money
Is worse then bird-lime, or a Tertian Fever,
And will stick close to their possession

That have it; specially to pay.

Alon. Then thou

Beleev'st he will not come?

Gaspar. 'Tis no point of Faith, Sir,

But I doe think so: send for him to Trucks,

To Passage, or Primero, and hee'l find

Ryals of eight, and Pistolets to play,

Or pawn his plate for't; but to pay your debt,

Tush! 'tis a trifle.

Alo. What? six thousand Duccars?

Gaspar. Faith! were it seven, the *Hollanders* (hee'l tell you)

This year surpris'd the *Flora*; and the ships

From th' *Indies* by the inauspicious blasts

Of the ill-boding North, are still kept off;

And then hee'l kiss away his hand in kindnesse,

With *Beso las manos, criada de vuestra merced*,

And for these terms expect forbearance.

Alo. What

Shall I do then? I need my money, and

Must have it immediately.

B

Gaspar.

The BASTARD.

Gas. Forget it then
Which way you can; For on my Conscience
He will not pay you, Tell you fairly yet
As *Alvarez* has thought; they hunt up
And then we're sure your money.

Alc. That were best;
Unworthy in me, who have said myself
My self his friend, to be the first that should
Shipwrack his Credit, which is Cities eye
Shines bright; the chiefest glory of us Merchants
Is *Alvarez*: no! I do know him honest,
And sure hee'l pay; if not, the sum's not great,
I can forbear't.

Gas. Six thousand Duccats is
A sum of money, many an honest man
Would wish his patrimony.

Alc. Say it be,
It is too little to o'repoize the worth
Of *Alvarez*: For should I once begin,
His other Creditors by my example
Would lay their Actions on him, keep him fast
For ever comming forth.

Gas. Faith! not much matter,
There let him lie, and keep the pavement warm;
Telt to the silent Walls how he hath wasted
His wealth in riot, and by Drabs contracted
A foul consumption both to corps and purse;
Make the dumb stones his Confessors, they'l melt
Perchance into contrition, and weep
To see him made their Captive.

Alc. Thou'rt too cruel;
I must not be so, lest that Widows prayers
Whom he hath cherisht, should draw vengeance on me,
And Orphans tears shed for his loss, rise up
In swelling Cataracts to overwhelm me.

Gas. Consult with reason, Sir: this childish pitie
Is an effeminate passion, shake it off
Say he hath spent his own rich patrimony,
And others wealth in purchasing a Name
To his posterity; pray tell me *Signior*
Will that Name pay his debts? Or will those men
That have been better for his wealth, afford
Him so much kindnesse; 'twere but gratitude
As to content you and an hundred more
He stands engag'd to: Let me rule you, give me
Leave, I'll arrest him in my own Name, for
You may passe blamelesse: pray you do, when others
Have seiz'd on all, you'l wish perchance you'd have

My foolish counsell.

Alc. Hold your tongue, I will not
Injure my friend so, I'll first lose it; **tell me**
What Cash affords your Desk?

Gaf. Ten thousand Duccas.

Alc. See it told out with expedition;
My daughter's to be married, and must have
That as a part of portion.

Gaf. Married, Cousin?
You'll not be so ignoble to **infringe**
Your promise to me?

Alc. 'Twas an ill one, better
Broken then kept.

Gaf. Did I for this, when you

Deplum'd of your Estate, to shun the frown

Of envious Fortune, was constrain'd to cross

The surly Ocean, and so steer your flight

Into the Indies, with a little remnant

Of your left wealth, content your Creditors,

Bring up your daughter only upon hopes

To have her for my pains, as then you know

You did oblige your self, that now another

Must reap my harvest: Let me tell you, Sir,

It is not honest in you.

Alc. How now Bastard?

Dare you be muttering? Is't not more than I

Am any way oblig'd to, to maintain

Thee in the fashion of a Gentleman,

Make thee my fellow, but thy tainted blood

Thinks to pollute mine? Urge me with a promise

Unjust as that was? You may passe, the doors

Stands open for you, and your Passports writ,

Take your course, Bastard.

Gaf. You're my Fate, your tongue

Hath power to transform my thoughts, create

Anew my resolutions; I confesse

From you I have my meat; my life depends

On your beneficent Genius: I offend

Ev'n to damnation, should I be ingrate

In my respect to you: I've left my hopes

Your promise: **Enriched** hath quite wast out

No print of it remains within my breast

Joyn her in Hymn, call sister with whom

And when you please, my worst desires shall be,

Heav'n's give her joy.

Alc. Now thou art honest, **Gaf.**

I see thou dost affect me: It provides

To solemnize thy nuptials with some One

To thy advancement.

Gaf. Sir, Your bounteous hand (I know's) too liberall : may I leave his name That must enjoy my Mistress?

Alc. Balthasar!

Don Frederiques heire! But stay his portion

Already told and ticketed
Gaf. Yes, Sir, and set apart.

Enter Prapontio and Rubio

Pre. Save you Sir; or rather as we say in French, *Bon jour*! Is my illustrious Mistress stirring yet?

Alc. She's none of the earliest risers: please you walk in and eat an Olive, tast a cup of Alicant, and by that time she'll come.

Pre. I thank you, Sir; but my stomach hath not yet digested the crudities of my last night's *Symposium*.

Rub. It might have done, I'm sure you fasted.

Gaf. And has not left picking his teeth yet.

Pre. Yet if you please, my renowned Uncle, that must be, we will vouchsafe to warm our palats with a jar of your *Monturkie*.

Rub. He means to Fox himself; that he may have Rhetorick to Court his Mistress: For, *Parvulus calices quem non fecere disertum*, Dull Cups make men eloquent.

Pre. My diminutive and defective knave, seal your lips.

Rub. He's afeard I should cozen him of some of the *Monturkie*: he hopes for.

Alc. How fares your Uncle?

Pre. Well, very well; he hath sent my Mistress a copy of his countenance, and here she comes.

Enter Varina.
Strike me not dead with those bright eyes; retort Those splendent Sun-beams on your selfe, who only

Can bear such piercing clearness.

Gaf. Mark his posture; he'll kisse her shoe-strings.

Rub. Nay, eat the Rushes she treads on: look how *Pythagorically* he gapes? he's turn'd Astronomer.

Gaf. Have you measured the length of her phisynomy, or taken the height of her forehead yet?

Rub. But Master, you must salute her: I have my name.

Pre. Divine, ambiguous, and transparent creature, I salute you with this b-b-bus: my complements were not cut out according to the garb of the time; but my words are sufficient interpreters of my internal affections, and so sweet-heart, love you both this b-b-bus.

Var. A little of this, Sir, is sufficient.

Pre. Nay! thou shalt have thy belly full of it, my little Duck.

Gaf. I never heard of a belly full of kisses before.

Pre. Lend me your hand to feed on!

Rub. Beware, Mistress, he eat inon, his sharp set I assure you, he had nothing but an *Eringo* root and a clove of Garlicke for his collation.

Alc.

Alc. Sir, *Præponto*, My Neece deserves none of these complements.

Præ. How, Sir? you are her Uncle, and so your tongue is privileged; but if another had presum'd to speak so prophane a syllable upon her merit, mark me, if thunder-thumping *Jove* had said it, mark me, I would have pulled him by the fore-top; or lug'd him by the ears.

Alc. I doubt not of your valour; but my businesse urges my hast.

Præ. And so doth mine. (He untrusses himself.)

Rub. He's ready to bewray himselfe.

Alc. Say, will your Uncle make her a Joynture?

Præ. Will he? A man of your reverend complexion to demand that question? Will he? He shall, in spite of his nose, old dotard! or else I would, as we say in Italian, prove him, *Al stulti loco*; that is to say, wholly a fool: But he has done it already, Sir,
Look here, Sir. (Pulls out a sealed parchment.)

Alc. Why then we will contract you.
You are content, *Varina*, to have this Gentleman.

Var. Since you command it.

Alc. You'll use her kindly, Sir.

Præ. Curse upon this magnificent corpse else; she shall have her *Moletto's* in green Jackets to stoop to her, when she pleases to perfume the aire with her odoriferous countenance; and her *Negro's* to lay their heads for her to tread on.

Rub. And if you, Master, be not able for night work, and so forth, lend for me, I can do that.

Alc. Well, I'll trust you with her: *Gaspar*, let's go.

Præ. Farewell. *Exeunt Alc. and Gasp.*
Come Gentlewoman, me thinks I am as lusty as *Nestor* in his second Age.

Rub. You may believe him, Mistrefs.

Præ. It seems to me that your beauty operates with my body, as the Sun with the year; which makes the year throw off its russet mantle, and becoming young, to take on its green coat: Now methinks my bones, frozen with Age, are dissolved, and disill into my Cod-peece.

Rub. These words are in you, as the *Primrose* in the midst of Winter, but the *Primrose* stinketh not so bad as your breath.

Præ. Now my former vigours return to my vitals; *Atlas* was but a weak Boy, which could not scarce beare up that with his Shoulders, which with my little finger I am able to sustain: Now could I with a kick of my heele, strike a Lane through the Alps, and so make an in-road for dusky *Neptune*, I tell thee my sweeting, *Adonis*, when he was beloved of *Venus*, was not so beautifull as I am. Troth thou art supereminently beautifull too: *Jove* would think it no disparagement to be a Cuckow, a Swan, a Bull, or any thing, to enjoy the beatitude of thy sweet society; Great *Hercules* would to schoole, and learn to spin again for thy enjoyment. In brieft, Lady, I love you.

Var. In brief Sir, though my Uncle pleas to think me worthy of no better a spouse then your ridiculous self, in serious terms I cannot affect you: it is not the quaintness of your language that can charm me. If *Cupid* have no more powerful darts then what drops from your tongue, he can wound but little. Sir, it will argue your prudence to desist from this your enterprise, for my part I had rather be of the society of *Danaw* daughters, and torment me in the abissive Hogsheads, then be your bed-fellow. But we poore Orphans being shuffled out of our own estates, must be disposed of at the pleasure of our Guardians, even to any one. But, Sir, in short, I shall esteem more highly of a wise man in his shirt, then of a foole in his richest Trappings: and for my own part, I cannot love you.

Rub. Never marry her then, Master: for if you doe, you may chance be a kinsman to the great Turk, and blazon the Horns for your Arms.

Pra. You doe but jest, you speak not heartily?

Var. You'll finde I am in earnest. Farewell, you know my resolution. *Exit.*

Pra. O *Rubio*, call her back.

Rub. Will she come when I call her?

Pra. Conjure her then.

Rub. I am no Negromancer, I never studied the black Art in all my life: But d'you hear *Dona Varina* I call you, I conjure you to come into my Master *Don Prapontio*. Sure, Master, she's no Devil, for if she were, she would have risen at my conjuration.

Pra. But what shall we doe to get her?

Rub. Faith, Sir, you and I and half a dozen more good fellows will rise for her, you shall have Dice will run nothing but sixes. *Exeunt.*

Scena secunda.

Enter Varina sola.

THis doting *Don* thinks that his years have made

Him wise, in fishing with a golden bait,

And doth presume his gold hath power so farre

For renovation of his aged Corps,

As had *Medea's* enchanting spells to *Jason*:

He thinks that womens aims are fixt on lands,

And that they frame their love on Silver-mines,

Treasure's no loadstone for a maids affection.

Alas! He doth mistake our Sex in this,

Though Gold be welcome to enrich our train,

Yet not so far as that we should neglect

The chief of all, the person of a man:

Should we permit the flowers of our youth

Thus to be nipt by Ages snowy Winter

And so bereave our selves of all those joyes

Which Nature hath conferred on our Sex,

While blooming in our youth, for earth and dirt?
 No! 'tis not so, this is my resolution;
 Gold with a Man is good, but if I chuse,
 I'll take the Man, and will the Gold refuse.

Exit.

Scena tertia.

Enter Roderiguez, solus.

VNhappy eye! which didst attract those beams,
 To set my heart on fire! Unhappy ear!
 Which didst with such a greedinesse suck in
 The charmings of her lips! and then convey
 Them through thy winding palace to my brain,
 Which works and beats, as if the Cyclops held
 Their Forge within my head: Unhappy man!
 Thus to become a slave unto thy passion!
 Confine these love-sick thoughts, or drive them out,
 Lodge not such enemies within thy breast,
 They'l be thy ruine! But (alas!) my power
 Is transmigrated to anothers breast;
 Yet would it were, so might I hope at length
 My love might crowned be with good successe.
 Dry up thy eyes.

Enter Chaves.

Cha. Good morrow to you, Sir!
 What passion hath surpriz'd you, that you seem
 Another man? *Engenia's* well, I hope.
 Discover, friend, what strikes thee in these dumps;
 Your eye betrays you, somewhat is amiss,
 Prithee what is't?

Rod. *Chaves*, thou art my friend,
 And 'twere a sin not to impart it to thee.
 Here lately was a Lady, which my eye
 No sooner did discover, but my heart
 Was all involv'd in flames, a sudden ague
 Seiz'd upon all my limbs, that to approach
 Neerer, or speak I could not: in this extasie
 I stood awhile unmoveable, till she
 Quitted the place.

Cha. What is she? ne're despair,
 Have her thou shalt, though she were made of gold.

Rod. *Varina* is her name, she's well endow'd
 With all that Art or Nature can bestow;
 That —————

Cha. Feed not thy self with these; prithee what is she?
 Where lives she? Pray reveale it.

Rod. Sir, her Father
 Was a rich Merchant of this famous Citie,

Who

Who dying in the *Indies*, left this his Orphan
Sole heir to his estate; which he bequeath'd
Unto *Alonzo's* care; he hath betroth'd her
Unto a foolish Lord, one *Don Preponcio*,
A man that hath more mony farre then wit!

Cha. Expel these clouds of sorrow, wee'l make our wits
Outreach his wealth! Come! let us write a letter,
I'll have it safe convey'd; once get admittance,
And she's thine own.

Enter Varina.

Var. Most sacred Goddess, to whose sacred shrine
The greatest Kings, nay *Jove* himselfe hath bow'd,
Contain my passions, keep my sudden Love
Within the bounds of maiden modesty,
Sweet *Roderiguez*! now methinks I see
Majesty couched in thy serene brow,
Upon thy tongue enthroniz'd Eloquence
Within thy looks *Cupid* in's best array;
And when thou goest, the humble ground doth sinke,
As if submissive to thy stately Port;
But Stay! my Passions, stay; let's pause awhile,
My affections must not leade me in a maze;
Discretion doth advise that *Pallas* rule,
And *Cupid* serve; she will me best direct
To my terrene *Elysium*, Pause awhile,
Listen to judgments dictates; they are best.
The Carthaginian Princess lost her life,
And credit too by her too quick affection;
Phyllis confiding in *Demophoön's* vowes
Did lay her Bridall pallet in the grave:
Repentance soone made *Oenoe's* angry tongue
Condemn the rash credulity of her eares.
And so may I *Varina*, if I yeeld
To Passions hair-brain'd, wild instructions:
Then set a bay unto thy loves swift Current;
See his affections first, and if he prove
Loving to thee, *Varina*, do thou Love.
See, see the Object of my best respect;
Oh! did my heart enjoy that happinesse
As doth that Gentleman, whose subject ears
Such musick entertain, as hovering spheres
Yeild in their proper motions, his breath
Falls on his shoulders as doth *Zephyrus*
On *Flora's* party color'd vestments, ah!
Why doe I languish thus? I'll speake to him,
It is as fit for maids to court, as men;
If that the truth were rightly scain'd; but nicenesse
And Custome do forbid it; its no sinne

If well we weigh it in its proper ballance;
Then set the better foot before, and try,

Oh! what exploit began I to attempt?
What, casting off the weed of modesty
To cloath my self with impudence? O fie!
Should it be said, *Varina* did disrobe
Her selfe of grace, and virgin-purity,
And turned masculine, to court a stranger?
No! back, base *Cupid*! thy Rhetrick I scorn
Now in my second rumination, 't may be
That time will quench this burning *Ere* in me,
Or heav'ns inspire him for to know my love:
Grant one of these ye Gods, and pitie me,
Afford your help in this extremitie.

Cha. Be it so, I'll send the letter.

Rod. I hold the mission of a letter best,
One line, one sentence with premeditation,
Quickens, doth bear a greater prevalence
Then words extemporary can expect:
Words are like infants, whose unwelcome birth
(If premature) bring death unto their mother.

Cha. Let it be so.

Rod. It shall be so, *Apollo* guide my pen,
And let thy *Heliconian Fountains* yeeld
Liquor unto it, that the thing I write
May there prevail, where rests my souls delight.

Scena quarta.

Enter Chaves and Picarro drawing.

Pic. Come, come Sir, draw, or by this hand and sword
I'll be your Priest.

Cha. Sure you mistake, I am not
The man you look for.

Pic. You shall find, my eyes
Have their true object: Coward, prate not, draw,
Let's view thy weapon.

Cha. Sir, your habit speaks you
A man, and noble, I admire your judgment
Should be so rash to quarrel with me, who
Ne're injur'd you, and to my knowledge, till
This time, ne're saw you.

Pic. All your Rhetorick,
Shall not excuse your carcasse, turn and fight,
Or perish.

Cha. Tell me why, and then you'll find
I am no Coward.

Gl. Then you will find *Pic.*

Pic. Hear my reason, You Have offred me an injury; I must not Put up, while you do walk with that same nose; Make haft and draw; Draw, or this nose shall beat Courage into thee, Coward.

Cha. Well, perforce Since you will tempt a danger from my arm, Receiv't.

So now, I hope, you'll yeeld the cause, Made you so valiant.

Mar. Stay, for pitie save *Picarro's* life, take mine, you're a man, Bridle your fury.

Cha. Doe I dream? who speaks?

Mar. A haplesse Virgin! let the Prayers and tears Of one that never sued before, redeem His lifes dire forfeit: if you be so true, That nought but blood will stut your anger, here Sheath your bright weapon in my breast, my blood: Will sooner quench your irefull heart; kill me, And let him live.

Cha. Sure she has stoln from heav'n An Angels utterance; had *Ulysses* heard This Syren minurize, the man had been Too weak to hold him; *Orpheus* might have learn'd New notes to fit's harp; had a salvage *Syrac*, Or untam'd *Ow*, when hunted they have Whole flocks of men before them, on whose flesh Death strait should riot, heard her speak, their fierceness Would soon relent, they would forget the sweetness Of their inhuman banquet, and let loose Those they had markt for slaughter.

Mar. Pray you Sir,

Cha. Historians truly may relate how *Achilles* Follow'd *Amphion* to the *Theban* walls; How lofty *Ossa* and *Banchaia* danc'd At overhearing the *Orpheus* Syren; That *Dolphins* at *Arions* Harp grew tame, And coucht their scaly backs to beare him out Of *Neptunes* foamy furies; likely it Can work far greater miracles, should I see A man that long had bedrid lain; nay, were he Witherd with feeble age, should he smile on him: He well might laugh at *Asps* and *Charmes*: Tell *Afon* then, that her blest look had made him Fuller of youthfull vigours, than the *Orpheus* Of her enchanted hearbs infus'd into him.

Mar. Then you wil save him?

Cha. Look, how dark sorrow's beautified? how comely
 She's in her tears? they sit upon her cheeks
 Like *Erythraan* pearls enchas'd on grounds
 Of true Vermilion: Foolish Lapidaries!
 What need you borrow of the frozen Zone
 Congealed Ice? catch these drops, they're more precious
 Than most transparent Crystall; I would fain
 Grant thy request, but that I should too soon
 Be exil'd from that blessing which your presence
 Fully affords me; yet 'tis too unholy
 That she should kneel, I'll raise her.

Mar. Here I'll lie. *(He offers to raise her.)*
 Prostrate for ever, lesse you please to save
Picarro's forfeit life.

Cha. How happy, Heav'ns!
 Is he in being vanquished, to have
 So fair a savor? would my life had been
 Put at his mercy: For your sake I'll grant
 Him life on this condition, That he tell
 What made him be my enemy.

Mar. This morning
 If I mistake not, passing by our coach:
 As we were coming from our Vineyard, you
 Pull'd up the Curtains, drawn before, to see
 Who were within, which he in heat of blood,
 Took as a wrong, and followed you.

Cha. I'm sorry
 I was discourteous.

Mar. Come *Picarro*, Signior
 I am your worths true servant.

Exeunt Mar. and Picarro.

Enter Roderiguez and Boy.

Rod. How now *Chaves*?
 What drawn so neer the Citie? pray heav'ns! my stay
 Has not endanger'd you: met you with theeves?

Cha. With one hath stoln my best of Jewels; Sir,
 I am undone; lost friend for ever.

Rod. Why?

Cha. Look I not strangely o're I did? My looks

Rod. Why? What should aile you? Are you frighted Sir?

Cha. Doe not my eyes speak my hearts falsehood? Ha!

Rod. *Chaves*, dear friend, how fare you? Is all well?

Cha. I prithee be my Priest, and sacrifice
 My treacherous carcasse to *Eugenia*, doe it
 And when I yeeld the Ghost, I'll tell thee friend
 That I fare well: ne're stare on me, my life
 Is a worse torture then the rack, or wheele,
Ixions plague is but a play-game to't.
 Nor his that rolls the revolvable stone,
 Nor that of proud *Promethew*, on whose heart,

Th'insulting Vulture preyes.

Rod. Alas! he raves!

What cursed Fiend tempts you to be thus desperate?

Cha. Desperate? Kill me, let thy Rapier do it.

Ne're muse upon it, I deserve to die.

Do justice on me.

Rod. Tell me why, and then

Perchance I'll do it.

Cha. Hear me then, Suppose

I had a beauteous sister, you *Roderiguez*

Should vow her service, proffer her your love,

Get my consent, her fathers, and her heart too,

And after fool both him and her, and me.

Should I not kill you, think you?

Rod. Yes, I deserv'd it.

Cha. Then here's my sword, I've done all this and more,

The vow's I made to your *Eugenia*, nothing,

A dream, an airy shadow, you are fool'd,

Your father's coustred by my hopes, his true,

I love another.

Rod. 'Tis impossible;

Your fury makes you utter this.

Cha. By the hopes

I have that thou wilt kill me, I have look'd

No more but truth, by all that's good I have not:

I love another.

I stole her countenance, but she my heart.

Rod. You're a treacherous man,

Base and unworthy, take your weapon back,

Defend your selfe.

Cha. I will not, I confesse

I have deserv'd death, but it grieves me, that

By thy hands I must suffer, but my fate

Is irresistible: Dispatch me.

Rod. Stay,

E're I doe kill thee, think how ominous

Thy crime is: young men will abhor thee, virgins

Hearing thy fault, will with their imprecations

Heap tortures on thee: Poore *Eugenia*! Sister!

I grieve for thee most: Are you ready?

Cha. Yes!

Not to resist, but to be sacrific'd.

Rod. I'll not become his Butcher: for the name

Of Friend, so often vow'd between us holds

My arms, I cannot strike him; live to see

Heav'n work thy ruine: I'll not be thy Priest.

Farwell, false man, and look who e're thou wed,

Shee'l be a faithless strumpet to thy bed?

Cha. Thou lyest, return, I'll fight:

She, I now love, is one, thou oughtst not mention
 Less on thy knees with reverence: one, whose looks
 Would e'en allure a Hermit, who had spent
 His years in solitude, to leave his Cell
 And heav'nly contemplations, to admire
 Her perfect essence, dar'st thou prophecy
 Her for a strumpet? wert thou arm'd with thunder
 This arm should reach thee, Clouds of lightning shal not
 Secure thee: Know Sir, she is one, whom Angels
 Would to enjoy, desert their bliss, and vote
 No less then adoration due unto
 Her heav'nly vertues ———

Rod. Hee's past hopes! more sisters
 I have, more friends so worthy as himself
 I ne're can hope for: Sir, I pittie you
 And can my service help you ought in gaining
 Your Love, command it.

Cha. Mean'st thou thus?

Rod. You use not
 To finde me faithles: not my sisters wrong
 Shall make me prove disloyall: may I know her
 Is your new Mistress?

Cha. There's my misery,
 I know her not my self, but 'tis the same
 Was in the Coach we overtook.

Rod. Is't she?

That's *Mariana*, Daughter to *Alonzo*
 The *Indian Merchant*, I am well acquainted
 With *Garspar*, noble *Chaves*: he, who is
 Her Fathers Cash-keeper, him wee'll use as means
 To win her for you: Our *Varina* lives
 In the same house: come! let's about it.

Cha. Heav'ns prosper our designs, and may our fate
 Make us in them, them in us fortunate. *Exeunt.*

Scena quinta.

Enter Varina Solo.

THose Sulphurous flames, which *Aetna's* fiery panch
 Affidually into the air doth vomit,
 Bear not such force as doth this *Paphian* fire:
 Unconstant supposition never taught me
 This instant lesson, but experience:
 That poyson'd token in the *Centaur's* blood,
 Which made *Alcides* burn in living flames,
 Had not such vigour, as these parching fires:
 Which, while I fan with sighs, and think by groans
 To puff them out; the more (alas) they flame:
 If not extinguish't by some timely showers
 My heart must turn an *Ethiop*: Come! sweet Boy! *Enter Boy*

And sing à *Lachryma* unto my woes
A mournfull *Lachryma*, that from my eyes
Whole Seas of brinish liquor may arise
To drench this heat; I cannot now admire
That Cupids Father was the God of Fire.

Boy sings.

1. Sweet Cupid hear
Thou art blind; thou hast in me
Lies burning in my heart,
To this my humble
Thy sacred influence;
And (though I cannot see)
Let not my King's fall thy Sacrifice.

2. Sweet Venus, see,
And make me blest
Visit me in this misery,
Connive at my request
Assist thy Son
Till he hath done.
His mystick rites, and with new fire
Fulfill a Maids desire
Else here I'll prostrate
For ever, and will Swan-like, singing die.

3. Lend me a quill, &c.
Var. Enough! this poisons but nutrimental food
Unto my dumphish humours; go, begon,
Poor soul! how art thou tormented in distraction,
And discompos'd in various resolutions:
Sometimes to speak is countenanced as good;
But modesty steps in, and checks my impudence:
Then silence is thought best, but that would wrong
That noble Person that deserves my Love:
Thus while I practise for to quench the fire,
I doe increase it, and it flames the higher.

Enter Thomas (Charles) Man

Tho. Save you, sweet Mistress, oh noble Lady
Desires but so much favour at your hands
As to peruse this his most humble missive.

Var. He may command a greater thing than this.

(She reads it)

Tho. I hope the Heavens do prosper your achievements;
Her countenance warrants a good acceptance.

Var. You may for this time depart, and tell your Master
That matters of such weight, deserve some pause:
Before we make an answer: Friend, too morrow

Enter Boy

About this time you may expect it here:

Tho. All humble thanks, sweet Lady: at that time

I shall attend your pleasure: all sweet happiness

That can be wish'd, attend you.

Var. Friend! Farewell!

See how my storm is turn'd into a calm

My clouded night into a sun-shine day,

My heart but now deprest almost to death,

Revives, and grows too ample for my breast,

My fears are banisht, and my joyes become

Redundant and superlative to you

O heavens! my duty doth return her thanks!

And testifies it by her gratefull hands.

(holds them up to heaven.)

He, for whose sake I would exchange the world,

Now throwes himself a servant at my feet:

But let me guide me in my bliss, and wear

My fortunes wisely in a formall fashion:

I must not countenance his suit too soon,

But bridling up my Love with judgements reynes:

Keep at a distance, counterfeit my minde

To be so far estrang'd from *Venus* Court:

That 'twere as hard to make a Profelite,

As me a Souldier in the *Paphian* field:

Should I be prone and facile to his will

In some few days my kindness would grow stale:

The shadow, when pursu'd doth fly, but turn

Your back, and it in duty follows you:

Should I concede too soon, and not deny,

I should infringe the custom of us maids,

Who in the things we most of all desire,

Must feigne neglect, or else a meer dislike:

Well then, how e're I'll play a maidens part,

And make me stubborn, though I breake my heart. *Exit.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter *Gaspar*, *Mariana*, *Catalina*.

Gasp. **F** Aith! you're a cunning Lover, I had thought
I had deserv'd more interest in your trust;

Then that you thus should steal your nuptials, and

Ne'r let me know on't, where's my gloves?

Mar. Why *Gaspar*?

Why should'st thou think I should be married?

Gaf. Cause

I know 'tis truth; your Father has disclosed

The party to me.

Mar. Party? prithee speak;

And do not rest; what's that thou pratt'lt of? husband?

And

And *Hymenean* rites ?

Gas. As if you knew not I

Mar. Not I truly.

Gas. Nor shall you know it then for me, I might
Incur much danger, should I be but seen
To kisse your hand thus, discourse with you ; in brief
'Tis to the jealousdest, most ignoble man
In all the City : so farewell, there's all
That I dare stay to tell you.

Cata. Blessè you, Mistress.

Mar. Cousin, good cousin, leave me not, before

You have explain'd this riddle, on my life

I'll not disclose you told me.

Gas. May I trust you ?

Mark then your fate, Your father hath decreed

You for *Don Balthasar* old *Frederiques* heire,

They are agreed.

Mar. Save me Saints, I'd rather

Be wedded to a Leaper ; one halfe bedrid,

Laden with gout, and all diseases, would not

Be halfe so odious to me : is't not he

That should have had *Varina* ?

Gas. Th' same.

Mar. Sweet *Gaspar*,

Make some obstructions, and doe thou, sweet *Love*,

Be an impediment to that decree.

Gas. Cousin, alas ! I have quite wearied him

With my petitions, but he's deafe as *Nereus*

Is to the shipwrackt Mariners, or rocks

Unto the bellowing surges of the Sea.

Mar. Thou hast been always honest, *Gaspar*, and

A Friend, a Father to me : in this strait

I'll try thy love ; advise which way I shall

Escape these nuptials ; say, is't possible ?

Gas. I shall be proud to doe that office, Kings

Would glory in ; to doe you service, Saints

Would sure disert their blisse : Do you but speak

Breath but one accent from those lips, the winds

Will all contend, which shall be first made blest

With its conveyance ; your sweet voyce can charm

The *Syrens* silent, force the *Crocodile*

To leave his feigned weeping ; at your looks

Palms would renew their freshnesse ; aged hearts

Grow young again, *Scythians* be mild ; if ever

Rash *Phaetons* sisters had beheld those drops

They never more would boast their Amber tears

To be more pretious.

Mar. Push ! you flatter me !

What

What means this ceremony?

Gaf. And had those creatures
Book-blinded men, that dream of other worlds,
Tell of *Elysian* blessings, known the joys
Are in your love, they would have lost themselves,
As I have done, in contemplation
Of this surpassing happinesse, you bleste
With its enjoying.

Mar. You are tedious, tell me
How to evade this mischief.

Gaf. Pradon me,
I'm in a labyrinth, subtler then the cave
That held the *Cretan* Minotaure; 'tis easier
To catch wild *Boreas*, make *Neptune* calm
When he most rageth, then to give your worth
Its just *Encomiums*. I'm so farre transported
With ruminati on't beyond my selfe,
That I have quite forgot your first demand.

Mar. Pray tell me Cousin, How may I delude
Balthasars nuptials?

Gaf. 'Tis difficult,
There is but one way left, and that's to wed
Another, e're you come unto his bed.

Mar. Faith! any body, honest *Gasper*, bring
Some aged *Lazar* from the Hospital,
Or towing *Galliege*, and I'll love
Him rather then the other, let me see
Whom thou wouldst wish me to.

Gaf. An honest man,
One I dare swear that loves you.

Mar. Nominate him:
By all that's good, I'll love him.

Gaf. She's my own. (aside.)
I'll take you at your word ———
Behold the man, the true Idolater
Of thy perfections, one whose every thought
Is on thy vertues, how to give them reverence
Due to their merits.

Mar. This is brave, proceed;
You're Courtly grown, what spirit has infus'd
This unaccustom'd phrase into you?

Gaf. Your
Love which hath power to give a dumb man utterance,
Make Ideots Orators to fill the world
With new inventions; consecrate this Age
Onely to Poets, whose immortall lines
May celebrate thy praises. Though thy Father
Could be so perjur'd after a thousand oaths,

To seek to rob me of my interest in thee.

Yet the known goodnesse of thy Nature tells me,

Thou'lt not be perjur'd too, I'm sure thou'lt love me.

Mar. Reason good, bafe man,

Did all this painted proceffe tend to this?

Were *Balthasar* a man compos'd of vices,

It'd sooner cast my self away on him,

Then on thy basenesse : Loving Coz, farewell !

You may go meditate to get a wife,

And ruminate on your most bafe desires

In the Grand-Placa. Walk, Sir.

Exeunt Mar. and Cat.

Gas. Is there no thunder left in heav'n ? Has earth

Left all it's fear, it shakes not at the hearing

Of such inhuman perjuries, until

It have a rupture vast enough to swallow

At once the world, that it may ne're produce

Again such treach'rous animals, as my fate,

My cursed fate torments me with : I am

A proper man, I've limbs enough ; because

I have a blemish in my blood, my Mistress

Rejects me ; Thus should I in open Court

Sue for her as my wife : I have no means

To stand against her Father, and 'tis gold

That rules the Law now. Well ! since all will be

Villains, why should I practise honesty ?

I've brains as well as other men, my spirit

Tells me, there's means to right the wrong. Who's this ?

Enter Roderiguez.

Rod. *Gaspar* ? the man I look't for.

Gas. *Don Roderiguez* !

What drew you hither ?

Rod. Sir, my businesse is

Now with your selfe ; Your Master has a daughter

I have a most deserving friend affects

Her dearly, wilt thou be a means to gain

Her favour for him ?

Gas. I did take you Sir,

I've been a person of more reall worth

Then thus t'assay a servants loyalty ;

Think you my Masters daughter shall become

A prostitute ? If this be all your businesse,

I must not stay to hear it.

Rod. Thou mistak'st,

I have no such intention, thou shalt raise

His daughter with a marriage to a man

Of noble Blood and Fortunes.

Gas. But her Father,

Has promis'd her to one he will not break with.

You cannot have her.

Rod. Hold ! there's gold, thou shalt
Perswade her love my friend, I know thou canst, *(Gives him money.)*
My honest *Gaspar*.

Gas. Sir,
I am a man whom stepdame *Fortune* made
To eat my bread in servitude, my Master
Is all the hopes I live by, and my trust
Hath gain'd me some respect above a servant;
Should I undoe his purpose, crosse this match,
For your sakes, I should win the execrations
Of all true servants ; and perchance your selves
Seeing me false to him, would fear t' impose
Confidence in me : pray receive your gold,
I must not do it.

Rod. Come ! thou shalt, the man
Thou dost it for will raise thee farre beyond
Thy expectation, *Gaspar*.

Gas. May I trust you ?

Rod. What needs these doubts ?

Gas. Then know my Mistress hates
The person whom her Father would bestow
Her on in marriage ; would your friend, or you,
Or any one, there's in the Citie you may hire
To kill him, then admision will be easie.

Rod. Most excellent ! his name ? he's seal'd for death.

Gas. *Balthazar, Frederiques* heire, to morrow night
Your friend and you come to the window, and
Bring somthing that may please her, and ne're doubt
You shall have gentle audience.

Rod. I'll about it.

Exit.

Gas. Doe, on your shoulders I my selfe will rise
To quit my Masters monstrous perjuries.

Exit.

ACT. 2. SCENE 1.

Enter Varina sola.

THUS have I fram'd, though long first, my rescript,
As well as th' poor *Minerva* of my brain
Enabled me ; 'tis tart enough, I'm sure,
To vulnerate and pierce a heart of steel :
If his affection's byass'd with vertue,
He'l re-addresse to me to work the cure,
What *Pelias* wounded, it alone could heal ;
The limb that's burnt we hold unto the fire,
Loves wounds must have their Balsam from that hand

That made the Ulcer. Stay ! th' Times Clock doth prompt me
 This houre *Thomaso* promis'd to be here,
 To bear my answer back. He comes: Your actions
 Are comments to your words, and what your tongue
 Of late exprest, your diligence performs.

Tho. Right worthy Lady, should I vilifie
 My faith by misperformance, I should think
 My selfe degenerate from what I was.

Var. Your words engage my faith; friend, there's my answer.

Tho. Thanks worthy Lady, this shall surely have
 Acceptance far more gracious from your servant,
 Then such a Jewell which th' Egyptian Queen
 (To add a complement to sumptuousness)
 Dissolved drank unto her.

Var. Then beare it to him instant, it may be
 His expectation may be harras'd out;
 For what desire commands us to expect,
 Time, if protracted, maketh us disgust;
 Hasten therefore, and farewell.

Tho. Adieu ! sweet Lady !
 Now if this Letter bear a gentle sense,
 And gives a *Fiat* to *Rodriguez* suit,
 His heart will mount so high with joy, that it

Outstrips imagination. Noble Sir

Rod. What newes *Thomaso* ? come and glut my ears
 With comfortable tidings.

Tho. Whether such
 As you expect, Sir, or the contrary,
 Resides not in the confines of my knowledge.

Rod. Spake you not with her, at the time prefixt ?

Tho. Yes ! and her mind salutes you in this paper.

Rod. Came this from her ?

Tho. I had it from her hands.

Rod. Hadst thou encompass all this Universe,
 Especially the East and Western *India*,
 And ransackt either of them for their pearls:
 Or hadst thou ript the bowels of the earth,
 And laid her hidden treasure at my feet,
 It could not have procur'd the hundredth part
 Of that content, as doth this piece of paper.

Tho. Still may't be multiplied, and augment
 Your wisht beatitude a thousand fold. *(He reads it.)*

Rod. What have we here ? A flat denial ?
 Hard-hearted Lady ! hadst thou spectacles
 Which might so help thy optick faculties,
 As to behold my bleeding heart, thou couldst not

Choose but relent, and love me for my love.

Tho. Patience, noble Sir

Rod. 'Tis cruelty ! alas ! sh'ad courteous been
Had the procur'd my death, or my proscription :

But thus to characterize my torments, and
To dally with my flames, doth argue the
Studies the Art of inhumanity.

Tho. Let not such thoughts finde harbour in your breast ;
Exile them thence.

Rod. They took possession :
And cannot easily be extruded thence.

Tho. Why then encounter her your self, and speak :
Let not a Letter daunt you, storm again :

Your parts do speak you man, and you may win her ;
It may be she observes formality,

In these her actions : and for fashion sake
Her tongue saies no (as maidens use to do)

When as her minde thinks yea : good Sir, about it.

Tho. Thy Councel's prevalent, and I'll observe,
Next time I'll try her, and my reasons shall
Triumph victorious, or in th' Duell fall.

Exeunt.

Scena secunda.

Enter Hebes Solus.

O H! my decayed panch ! is't not a miserable case that a mans belly
Should ne're see a piece of roast beef, nor ones guts feel one
drop of double drink in two years ? There's one Mr. *Want*, a lean
Gentleman of our Parish, hath so debarred me from sustenance, that
I scarce weigh threescore on each side, besides feet, head, leggs,
and ossail. There's an old flaver they call *Don Prapontio*, that lives
hereabouts, that maintains his men every day in holyday bellies,
and their chaps strut, as if they were created for nothing but to
blow bagpipes : now, if I could scrue into his service, my spiny Car-
cass would begin to whine as a dog after flesh, when his chaps run
over. But soft, sure this is he.

Enter Prapontio & Rabio.

Heb. I'll make as if I knew him not, and praise him to's very face,
and then I'll warrant you.

Pra. Thus perambulating all alone, I ruminate on the multiplicity
of those joyes, that my *Varina* might afford me.

Heb. Save thee honest friend.

Pra. Why? what art thou?

Heb. What am I ? Thou seest I am neither horse nor mare,
bull nor cow, hog nor pig, dog nor rat, mouse nor cat, fish nor
flesh, nor good red herring : but as I may say, a meere
man.

Pra.

Pre. My Mistress will be well taken *Rubio* to hear this fellow talk; but say, art a meer man, canst thou keep thy money, and not grease the ale-wifes fingers with it?

Heb. How? grease the ale-wifes fingers with it, nay I should prove a very fool then: for she might then grease my face with her talons, for not paying my reck'ning.

Pre. Well spoken of a fool.

Heb. I, by my faith, Master, was it.

Pre. I mean, canst thou keep thy money from spending?

Heb. I, Master, if I had it.

Pre. Wilt thou live with me?

Heb. I, Sir, an't please you, I'm dissolved on that point already.

Pre. Go, stand at the Curtains, and seal your lips.

Didst thou invite her, *Rubio*? you must wait very attentively at her elbow, and if perchance a drop fall from her mouth you must be sure to catch it, I'll have it put in a reliquary: but does not my great ruff become me admirably? will she not like me, thinkst thou, in this suit? I will coyne words shall make her in love with me.

Rub. You will bewitch her with your very looks, ne're doubt it; you look now more compleatly then the great *Mogul*, or the *Arch-Duke*.

Pre. I have a Lions Countenance.

Rub. Nay, a Bears rather, or a Baboons, you look so smug on't, Master.

Pre. But didst thou see what an admirable piece of Poetry I consarcinated in my bed; nay, in my sleep, *Rubio*?

Rub. Some drowfie Poem.

Pre. *Ovid de Arte Amandi* was never like it: Hold my Cloke *Rubio*, doe you see?

Rub. I see your back-side, Sir.

Pre. But mark my Verses, how melodiously they run upon their feet.

Rub. They gallop.

Pre. Mark, Hem--hem--hem.

If you would old Nature's wonder

See, list while I her praise out-thunder:

Her head a Cedar over-grows,

Her rose Cheeks, and radiant Nose,

Her hands Lillies, for eyes behold

Amber or Barbary Gold;

From her middle to her knees,

Guesse what monstrous rarities

Lye hid: the Tropick Zone cannot

Burn, or cast forth flames so hot,

As does my heart, 'tis she must heat me,

Or Death will with his paw's bemeale me.

How like it is?

Rub. Horribly; beyond expression.

Pra. I will write a whole volume of such *Eliezer*, and put down *Lope* down for an *after-dinner* poem.

Rub. You must get tunes to them, they will passe for excellent new Ballads.

Pra. O my Uncle!

Alv. O! my wise kinsman, what sayes your Mistress?

Pra. O Uncle! she is the noblest, wittiest woman that ever I encountered with since I gashopt ore the *Alps*; she surpasses me in ingenuity for all my travels.

Rub. And my Master, God blisse his worships Coxcomb, told her, you would give her *Holland Cheefe*, *Parmafan*, and *Calves-head* to breakfast if she would have him.

Pra. Nay, Uncle, she askt me if you would give her your land at *Granada*.

Alv. And what didst thou answer?

Pra. Peace, sirrah, Uncle, asperct my judgement in being responsible: I sayd, *I*, that he will, if I thought the old board would not, I would dash out his brains.

Alv. Thank you Nephew! How then?

Pra. For, quoth *I*, although he were hang'd, or drown'd, or dead any way, though the Divil should carry him away in a *Harricane*, I should have his land, being as I am, eldest son to his eldest sister; is't not so Uncle? I know my *Pedigree*.

Rub. Master, you need no Herald to blaze your worth, you can doe it sufficiently your selfe.

Pra. True! very true; but Uncle, shall I dance with my Mistress anon, I long to meet her in a measure, I can so caper it.

Enter Alonzo, Varina, and Servant.

Alv. Here comes your Mistress, and her Uncle.

Pra. Pray let me accost them.

Alv. Welcome noble friends.

Pra. For your part, Sir, *à posteriore* I salute you thus; and you Sir, thus, with this Italian *Frisco*: But as for you, my superabundant Mistress, accept the *fatima* of my *Minerva* for your congratulatory welcome.

Var. 'Tis pitie, servant, you are not pictur'd with a Laurell wreath in your forehead.

Rub. Or rather with a Coxcombs Crest, Mistress. (*Aside.*)

Pra. But my most inestimable Mistress, I must dictate to you, That you vilifie my brains secundity, in not applauding my ingenious conceptions, since sure you love me.

Rub. Better then she loves Plum-porridge, or Mine't-pyes, I dare protest.

Pra. Tell me then, thou Master-piece of Nature.

Rub. Mistress-piece, Sir, she is a woman.

Pra. Does not the superficies of my countenance demonstrate as much

much love as *Don Quixot's*, or *Gerardo's*, the unfortunate and ominous *Spaniard*? am not I kin to the Family of the *Guzmans*, think you?

Rub. Alias, *Goofman*; alias, *Goodman Goose*. (aside.)

Pre. And am I not the most acute, compleat, polite, *Itinerator* that ever caper'd over the *Alps*, and the *Pyrenean* mountains, and the most sublime and ingenious Poet that ever drank of the *Heliconian*, *Castalian*, and *Pierian* Fountains: Have not I sixteen languages exactly, perfectly, and perspicuously.

Rub. Sixscore, Master.

Pre. Come, my supereminent Mistress, let us expanate to refresh our palats with our delicious banquets, the minc't pies, and the *Plam-pudding* which my *English* Cook made me, will be cold else. Come, firrah, follow.

Exeunt.

Heb. Now my sweet guts and garbege, my Fathers old Boots were never so liquor'd and greas'd as you shall be.

Exe.

Scena tertia.

Enter Ghaves, Roderiguez, and Boy.

Cha. Hast thou the Song? Boy?

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Cha. Are the Musicians ready?

Boy. They expect behind yon pillar.

Cha. But art thou sure this is her window?

Rod. The same, ne're feare, we shall have audience.

Boy sings.

1. Hail Mariana! let thine eye

From their sable Clouds arise,

And dart their fire

(As our desire)

To re-illuminate the skies:

2. The Moon is down, the Stars doe bide

Their lustre, and our zeal deride,

Unveil thy beams,

Those golden st. eans

Will wipe them in their greatest pride.

3. Shine forth sweet light! one gentle ray

Will drive our dismall night away;

And make us deem

Sol mounts his Team;

Our zeal shall swear 'tis break of day.

4. Let us, sweet Saint, thy vertues know,

How great a brightnesse they can show,

Tell us the Sun

Is backward run,

And that he hath return'd his Plough.

5. Shine out sweet Venus, thou canst soon

Transcend the Taper of the Moon;

And

And with thy light

Quicken the night.

Turning our Morning into Noon.

6. *Hail ! Mariana, cast an eye*

With a relensing sympathy ;

Unvail the books

Of thy sweet looks,

And let me read my Destinie.

Rod. So now depart, and charge the Musicians they say nothing.

Boy. I will Signior.

Exit.

Rod. The window is opened, friend, list who speaks.

Mariana and Catalina, out at the window

Mar. I marvel, Catalina, who bestow'd
This Musick on us; it was good and sweet.

Cat. Some one, that dog'd you home from Alvarado's,
Some Amorado.

Rod. Speak Sir, now or never.

Cha. All peace content and joy attend you Ladies.

Mar. What man art thou, that when Nights Curtain's drawn,
And with her fable mantle vails the skies ,
Dar'st venture on our secrets ?

Cha. One, you promis'd
When for your sake I sav'd Picarro's life,
To keep in memory.

Mar. Sir, if you are he ,
I am obliged, I confels, to honour
Your nobleness, but these untimely houres
Admit no conference: for your Musick, Sir,
We give you thanks; so much I love you, that
I'll not endanger you, if you be seen,
You run your lifes dire hazard, Sir, good night ,
Fair thoughts attend you.

Cha. Stay! for Loves sake, were there
Dangers as thick here, as there's stars above us,
I would contemn them all; if death it self
Should here incounter me, I'd scorn the fury:
Tell him his hand had here no power; your presence
Makes men immortall.

Mar. Cause you shall not, Sir,
Condemn me of discourtesie; I'll stay,
But to your purpose, let me know it briefly ;
Or I must be unmannerly.

Cha. Why then,
In brief I love you, and desire your love.

Mar. And is this all; good night !

Cat. Hear him out, Mistres, he's an honest Gentleman,
I know by's words ;

Cha. My zeal could tell you, Lady,
That you are fair; you know it; that your eyes

Clothe night in days robes, and eclipse the stars
 With their bright lustre; that you are the modell
 Of Natures artifice; her true Idea
 In whose brow Art and Beauty wedded meet;
 But these, dear *Mariana*, and the like
 Pedantick terms, I leave to those whose loves
 Are in their lips; I'll be as plain in speech,
 As zealous in respects; my deeds shall speak
 My Love no Changeling

Mar. But I cannot, Sir,
 Nor must not love you; many one would feed
 Your flames with frustrate speeches to deride
 Your passions, but I do carry with me
 More honest thoughts: as you have been, I'll be
 Brief: save your labour Signior, they are fruitless,
 You sing to th' deaf, and plough the sandy shore,
 I must not love you.

Cha. I'm oblig'd to you!
 'Tis well and nobly done to put an end
 To my hot tortures, view this blade, the same
 Which for your sake I did restrain from shedding
Picarro's blood for better ends; shall now (goes to stab himself.)
 In bloody Characters write me thy Martyr.

Rod. Hold! hold! for heav'n's sake; hold!
 What mean you *Chaves*?

Cha. Nothing, but to open
 A vein that's stop't; 'tis good for me to bleed:
 My sword will be a good Phlebotomist,
 I'm sick of th' Plurify; a burning fever!
 'Tis better once to die, then thus to live
 In lingring flames; and piece-meal crumble: ha!
 Be thou my friend; and since my Life cannot,
 Let death now make me pittied: Let me die!

Mar. You're a faint hearted Soldier; what dasht
 At first repulse? admit I could afford
 You heart-room in my breast: you might well think
 Me very light, should I at once be wonn
 Without experience of your Loyalty:
 Besides, our Countries use permits not Children
 To choose their husbands: 'Tis my Fathers care,
 Get his consent, and peradventure I
 May yeild to love you.

Cat. Do sweet Mistress, he's
 A very honest man: I'd take his word.

Cha. Look! how the enamour'd air hangs o're her lips
 To suck a blessing from them? I can think
 Now 'twas no fable, that bold *Boreas*
 Rapt fair *Orithya*, since I see him haste
 To ravish thee of that too pretious breath,

Thy words expire with ; it will make his own
Sweeter then *Syrian* winds, when nought but *Myrrhe*
And *Byss* perfume them.

Mar. You're too hasty Sir.
It is impossible that I should love you,
I am contracted.

Cha. Yet 'tis in your power
To love your servant.

Mar. If Anatomists
Tell truth, that say, I th' Center of our hearts
There is a little Concave, where resides
Our best affections ; then your *Augury*
Must needs be truth, for all the love lies there,
Is to anothers worth engag'd.

Cha. Make me
But of your privy Councell, pray reveal him.

Mar. Then know, since first I saw you, I have been
(The night will hide my blushing to your face)
A true devotariss to your lovely vertues;
Deride me not, dear *Signior*.

Cha. I am
Ravisht beyond my hopes, my heart's too narrow,
Too strait-lac'd for th'exuberance of my joy.

Enter Balthazar.

Balt. This is the house : now *Gaspar* I shall see
Thy truth, I heare some mutt'ring.

Mar. Walk round the house, my maid shall let you in.

Bal. 'Tis she, I hear her voyce, and here he comes.
Sir, stay, you must not passe so.

Rod. What art thou ?
That thus presum'st to over-hear our secrets,
And rashly tempt thy death.

Bal. I am a man,
Thy equall every way.

Rod. About your businesse,

Cha. Sirrah, be packing, or I'll send you hence.

Balt. Were you encompass'd with hot lightning, arm'd
With Corslets made of Dragons maile, your breath
As poysonous as a Vipers, or a Toads,
Yet I alone would dare t'encounter you.

Rod. You're very valiant : Frenzy prompts you thus,
Or else tis some fat *Fleming*, who being drunk,
Hath lost his way to th'Brothell, and doth think
To find his drab here : Friend, you've lost your way :
Be wise, and save your carcasse by a retreat :
You l walk, nay make a leg, and thank me too
For letting you to passe, or I shall teach
Your noll more manners.

Balt. Teach thy selfe, false man,

More honesty: which of you is it: that
Thus Courts my *Mariana's* cause to him
I only speak.

Cha. 'Tis I.

Bal. Then let me tell you:
You injure one, that never injur'd you:
She's mine, betroth'd to me:

Cha. I'm sorry 'twas
My hapless fate to meet you in this place,
I shall but poast you through the *Avernus* Lakes:
On Embassy to *Pluto*: and desire
Those Deities to fit you with a Mistress:
You 'll have her forcibly, although you see
She cannot love you? gentle friend, put up!

This is a glorious quarrel, every drop
Of blood, that's spilt, will have a Crown beyond
The palm of Martyrs: For my Mistress? come!
Address your self to prayers first.

Balt. Prithee stay:
Thou seem'st a person qualify'd, before
We fight and die (for that one of's must do)
Think what unworthy and inhuman cause
You stand to justifie with blood: her Father
Hath giv'n her me, before whole Quires of Saints,
(Heav'n's hierarchy) we were contracted: do not,
Blinded with lust, run headlong to a sin,
So foul and horrid: hazard not your souls
Lasting salvation in a quarrel, for
Unjust on thy part: say, 't should be my fate
(As it may be) to kill you: what a mass
Of endless woe thou pluck'st upon thy head?
Hadst thou no other crimes to charge thy soul,
Think what a monstrous, and ignoble sin
Is supplantation in this kind of wrong:
Above *Astræ's* Laws? A Christian, Sir,
(As you should be) at naming this would have
A frigid palzy in his veins: pray, tell me,
Feel you no Earthquake in you?

Cha. Thus, and thus
I'll Catechize you.

Bal. Oh!

Rod. So preach in hell:

We have full entrance now, but least the noyse
Disturb the house, we'd best depart, and come
When the next night in favour to us throwds
Sleeping *Olympus* in her dusky clouds.

Cha. I do approve your counsell: — *Exeunt.*

Balthazar rises up.

Bal. So! they are gon: I'm hurt, my loss of blood

Makes my legs falter: Fool, to shed a drop
 In an effeminate quarrel: can the name
 Of woman pass without fell execrations
 Through these parcht lips? henceforth I will evade them,
 As the infectious scum of pestilence:
 To *Troy* once famous one base *Helen* brought
 A finall ruine: fair *Persepolis*
 Had still stood *Asia's* glory, had not *Thais*
 (That obscene *Thais*) by her witchcraft made
 Fond *Alexander* to consume't by fire:
 Each woman is a plague: I justly may
 Curse their whole sex, since *Mariana's* false.
 I must be silent. *Enter Gaspar.*

Gaspar. *Balthazar*?

Bal. Who art thou?

Gaspar. 'Tis I, your servant *Gaspar*: are my words
 Not truth: have you not met with them: Alas!
 I fear you're wounded: Sir, base villains! —

Bal. Yes doubly *Gaspar*, for my bodies harms
 Surgeons may cure them: but the wounds my mind
 Suffers, 's past help of plaisters: Oh! I bleed:
 These are but scratches, here's a wound indeed.

Gaspar. Faith! think not on it, Sir, she may be honest,
 Though she hath suitors: women will delight
 In the plurality of servants.

Bal. But

That the who stood the Goddess of my love,
 Whose truth should Angels with me've sought to blast,
 I should have judg'd them lyars: should be thus
 Inconstant, false: this puts me quite beyond
 The confines of all reason!

Gaspar. Good Sir! patience:

Bal. Patience! what's that? pray carry me to some
 Infected Pesthouse, or foul Hospitall,
 Where all diseases flourish: where no sound
 Person can enter, but he must return
 Full fraught with all contagions: there I'll steal
 From one a plague-fore; rob another of
 His purple spots, this of a fever, till
 I have ingross'd all maladies, that carrie
 A spreading rancour with them, and that have
 Death in their bosomes: then I'll straitway come,
 And keep society with none, but women:
 Til the whole sex have shar'd of death, and those
 (For some will live) that do remain to keep
 Earths store alive, be so infected, that
 Their future issue be all monstrous: Tell me,
 Should I not fit her then for this, and all
 That bear the name of women?

Gaspar

Gaf. Sir, you grow
Outragious in your passion; your blood
Carries a fervor, that won't let this pass
Without revenge; I'll work the means, if you
Have heart to act it.

Bal. Wilt thou doe't?

Gaf. Ne're fear't:
Go to your lodging, dress your wounds, you may
Inform her Father at your leisure.

Bal. Well,
I'll rest upon thy care, and make my hand
In thanks retaliate thy just defects.

Gaf. O! that I could but borrow for this instant,
A vipers breath to blast thee; but 'tis well,
Vines clip not Elms for nothing, I must twine
About them subtly, till they kiss the earth.
Or else my ends will have abortive birth.

Exit.

Scena quarta.

Enter Marina.

Var. **N**OW should I be intrapt in my own Gin,
Whom should I blame, but only my false heart?
Should that unkindness dropping from my pen,
Extinguish quite poor *Roderiguez* flame,
On whom should I disgorge my troubled stomach,
But on my selfe? 'tis pretty to consider
How I expose my selfe unto a wound,
To make another bleed.

Enter Roderiguez.

Rod. Pardon, sweet Damsell, this my bold intrusion,
Urg'd not by rude behaviour, but by love.

Var. Sir, you're a stranger; but if it be void
Of ill intent, your pardon's quickly seal'd.

Rod. If that to evidence the true affection
I alwayes bare unto your noble self,
Be ill intent, then my access is conscious.

Var. To court me with your love, Sir, it is strange,
I'm a poor Orphan, one whom Fate decreed
To hang my Fortunes on anothers girdle,
Time sure hath prov'd himselfe a cunning Artift,
That in so short a space could frame a subject
For your affection; 'tis not long agoe
My eyes tooke their first notice of you.

Rod. Time,
Is not that cunning Artift, but your vertues,
Which through the winding convex of my ears,
Convey'd this winding admiration to my heart,
'Tis not your means, sweet Lady, but your love

That

That I now covet: For your guardians favour,
I weigh it little, so you'll grant me yours:
Throw not those angry fire-balls of thy eyes
Upon me who am Touch-wood, lest I here
Moulder to ashes; bid them that they keep
Fast their Artillery; 'tis your milder beams,
Those rayes of favour that we now request.

Var. Though I am conscious of no demerits
Residing in me, that might claim these praises,
These pick-thanks of your tongue, I think my selfe
Too good to entertain a scornfull jeer;
For honours sake forbear't.

Rod. Wretched mistake!
That you should once conceive my heart could lodge
The least base thought that's Traytor to your honor!

Var. But hear me, Sir, Once walking with my Nurse
For recreation in our shady groves,
She told me her prophetick spirit fear'd
Some false One would betray me to his love,
And to my ruine.

Rod. If 'twas me she meant,
The Sibyll lyed.

Var. Howe're, it breeds suspicion.

Rod. What demonstration of my zealous faith
Can this your incredulity exact?
Shall I contend in combat with the Lion?
Or else affront the ugly foaming Boar?
What is't that I shall doe? Speak, and 'tis done:
Shall I betake my self to th'*Russian* Fields
Ith' midst of Winter, where my faithfull blood
May freeze to Corall, and my sad laments,
Congeal with th'aire? Shall I devote my selfe
A sacrifice to *Aetna*, or to *Neptune*?
Shall I atchieve to fetch the golden fruit
From th'italy Dragon? pluck fell *Cerberus* out
From's stinking den? These, or a thousand more,
I'll doe at your command.

Var. To promise, Sir,
Is easie, when performance lags behind.

Rod. 'S your heart so prepossest, that there's no room,
No corner left to hold one grain of faith?

Var. I'll try your love; here, take this, drink it off. (*Gives him wine*)
Leave not one drop i'th' bottom of the cup.

Rod. What e're it be, I'll banish feare and do't. (*drinks.*)

Var. Is't off?

Rod. It is.

Var. Then know that thou art poyson'd.
This is that draught which to *Ulysses* mates,

In stead of drink sage *Circe* did extend;

'Tis venoms quintessence, rank poyson.

Rod. Poyson?

Var. Yea, poyson! not the ugly Toad includes
Worse venome then that poyson.

Rod. Methinks,

I feel no alteration in my blood.

Var. I know that too: Th' time for its operation
Is not yet come; some sev'n hours hence, and then
A deadly fire raging within thy breast,
Shall make thy Arteries crack, and tear thy nerves:

An Iron girdle shall not hold thy body
It shall so swell with this envenom'd draught.

Rod. Alas! good Lady, you much fail i'th end

For which you practise this; you plot my torture

By fear of death, alas! you doe mistake,

My love shall own you for her greatest friend:

For thus to live, deprived of your love,

Is worse ten thousand times then death it selfe.

Then, thank you for this cruell courtesie,

I will not stile you cruel, or hard hearted,

But pitifull, a kind and loving Lady,

And so will limb your vertues to the life:

This kindness chalenges my best respects;

First, that you fix a period to my flames:

Next, that I dye a sacrifice to you.

Var. What? Art thou glad to die, and proud to fall
A victime by my hands?

Rod. Your victime, Lady!

Var. Do not dissemble, in the heav'nly Quire

There's no permission for an hypocrite.

To be a Chorister; do not palliate

Th' internall thoughts with such Hypocrisie.

Rod. I scorn the Title of an-Hypocrite,

I liv'd your Lover, and will dye your Martyr.

Var. Then am I sorry for my cruel act.

There, take thou that, and work thine own revenge *(gives a bodkin.)*

While time permits.

Rod. It shall not be, sweet Lady.

First, should these eyes behold these wretched hands

Pluck forth my entrails: should my harmlesse soul

When 'tis transported over *Charons* passage,

But have intelligence that you were injur'd.

It would return, and kill your enemy.

Var. What needs a further triall of thy love?

Then know, that draught I gave thee was not poyson,

But is as cordiall as th' *Hyblaean* Nectar.

Rod. This is beyond the fadome of my weak

Conceptions

Conception's, that you durst expose your life
 To one, whom you (for ought he knew) had injur'd
Var. I durst expos't to thee, I knew thy heart,
 Forgive me now the rude assault I made
 Upon thy patience : here accept my hand,
 My heart, my love, 'tis all thine own.
Rod. This gift
 Is more to me than the Oriental Empire,
 Which lies embroider'd with earth's chiefest treasure,
Pactolus, nor proud *Tagus* cannot bring
 So rich a Present to their native Prince,
 As is *Varina's* love : Alas ! one kisse
 Stolen from her lips, is worth ten *Grana-Signors* blisse.

Scena quinta.

Enter Gaspar, solus.

I'll be an *Argus*, for no other name
 Will better fit me ; I will watch this *Id*,
 I'll dive into her secrets, and her maids ;
 I'll look with Eagles eyes into her waves,
 And went she through her actions as the snakes
 Glide o're the stones, yet would I find their track.

Scena sexta.

Enter Alonso, Frederique, Picarro.

Alo. Let me perswade you, Brother, to surcease
 This endlesse suit, what wilt advantage you
 To keep his carcasse ?

Fred. Why ran he in debt ?
 I could have kept my money.

Pic. Sir, my Father
 Doth not deny to pay you, all he asks
 Is time of payment.

Alo. Can he offer fairer ?
 He owes me money, yet I so respect
Alvarez credit, that I'll take his word
 Without security.

Fred. And because you
 Will play the fool, and lose your money, must
 I do so too ; let me then have his land.

Pic. Sir, if you'll take my bond, I will oblige
 My selfe, and all the land my Father leaves me,
 To give you satisfaction.

Fred. Keep your land,
 Sow garlick on't, I will have nought but money,
 Give me my money.

Alo. You're the strangest man
That e're I dealt with, ~~and not you last night~~
Take that then looke all, ~~say he die in prison~~
What will you get then?

Fred. 'S body, that I'll sell
To the Dice-makers, they shall put his bones
To the same use they were at while he liv'd,
He may thank's gaming for't, the Dice, and's Drabs.

Pic. My patience will not bear this: Coverous man,
Were't not for th'reverence I owe this house,
Thou shouldst not thus abuse thy betters.

Fre. He
Threatens, bear witness, Sir, I'll have your tongue
Bound to the peace. *Enter Balhazar.*

Alo. Balhazar, pray perswade
Your Fathers patience.

Bal. Where's your daughter, Sir?
Not stirring?

Alo. Yes! — *Mariana!* *Enter Mariana*

Ma. Did you call?

Bal. My business, Sir, is private.

Alo. We'll withdraw. *Exeunt Alonso, Frederique, Picarro.*

Bal. Good morrow, Mistress, slept you well last night?
Your eyes look red, I doubt you slept not well.

Ma. What makes you look so ghastly?

Bal. Faith! I dream'd

Last night, that being underneath your window,
I heard men talk there and you answer.

Ma. Dreams

Are foolish fancies, and 'tis witchcraft, Sir,
To credit them.

Bal. Nay more, I heard you vow

Love unto one, and bid him come and enter

Into your Conclave; you doe understand me?

Ma. Yes! that you dream'd so.

Bal. And as he was going,

I staid his passage, and he wounded me.

And when I wak't, blushing *Aurora* told me

That I was wounded.

Ma. Sir, You did but dream,
Believe it not.

Bal. Yes, *Mariana*, see

This Crimson livery which your servants bounty

Last night bestow'd upon me, 'tis a brave one.

Does't not become me finely?

Ma. Saints protect me!

How came you hurt, my dearest *Balhazar*?

You are not wounded?

Bal. This is brave, she will
 Perswade me she is innocent. O woman!
 How various are thy humours? thy devices?
 How fly thy projects? Men with ease can find
 Natures obscurest reaches, over-reach
 The craft of Serpents, tame wild beasts, and bring
 All things to their subjection, only woman
 With her deceit, surpasses man, confounds
 His best capacity. But tell me, Mistress,
 Did you not see me wounded?

Ma. I? These eyes
 Would have turn'd blind at such a sight; let's see!
 Is your wound dangerous?

Bal. Heav'ns! I think deceit
 Has left its room in Hell, and built its mansion
 Within thy breast: Is't possible your face
 Can be so full of impudence, to swear
 A thing so false?

Ma. He raves! I'll call for help!

Bal. Yet more *Maunders*! tell me hypocrite,
 My fine dissembler, who it was you set
 To be my Butcher? I'll not seek revenge;
 But (as my duty is) go kiss his hands,
 Prostrate my neck unto his honor'd feet,
 Because my Mistress loves him.

Ma. Las! he's frantick!

Bal. True! you have made me, *Mariana*, were there
 Any evasion to excuse thy crime,
 I should be ready to believe thou might'st
 Be blamelesse yet! But I have proofs that banish
 All probabilities, my ears can tell
 That thou'rt turn'd *Happy*; Oh! there is no trust;
 No faith in woman left!

Mar. Yet in this fury?

Dear *Balthasar*, what have your jealous eyes
 Observ'd in my behaviour? You should think
 That when my Fathers will hath made me yours,
 I should fall off and take another.

Bal. Nothing!

My eyes and feeling faile me, all my senses
 Were wrapt in extasies of endless pleasure
 To think you were my Mistress: I do know
 That you are vertuous, your affection's wholly
 Bent to my love; let me but kiss your hand,
 But touch it onely, and you'l soon perceive
 With what an equall temper I can doe it;
 I'm none of those who carry hot-houses,
 Stoves in their blood, I've been too cold a Lover,

Too modest with you, therefore you reject him, and I am left alone.

Mar. Yet more outrageous than I am.

Bal. And have taken one of those strange-backt monies, whom you have

Out of your window in the Place de la Fontaine.

The quick Strapado man, who has been

Some massy burden, and his big nose of joy.

Ne're crack beneath his ponderous weight, that promis'd

An abler body to content your lust,

More raging then a Goats; be briefe, who is it?

Some slavish *Galliego*, that has stoln

My int'rest in thee? !

Ma. You're a foul mouth'd man!

Come you to rail? you shall find fuel, friend

To feed your fire with, this hearth has burn'd

Thy intrails out; I love another, you

And tell my father on't, nor you nor he

Shall know his name: it was the same that hurt you,

You may goe tell, Sir.

Bal. Impudence, declare (draws his sword.)

Or perish.

Mar. Murder! *Enter Alonzo, Frederique, Gaspar.*

Alo. How now *Balsazar*?

What drawn upon my daughter? 'tis not fair

Mar. Pray give an ear unto my shore request;

As you're my Father, kill me, e're my name

Be blasted thus by this ignoble man,

Whose head hath forg'd a crime against me; Fiends

Would ne're have dream't of this.

Bal. Strumpet!

Alo. Sir, desist.

You have done more already than you'll answer.

Mar. He charges me, that underneath my window

Last night some people hurt him; that he heard

Men talk to me: which how 'tis possible,

And you not heare it, judge your selfe: but malice

Ne're wants a subject to defame.

Bal. Your servant

Can verifie my words as truth.

Gaf. Who I?

Did not the rev'rence which I owe this house

With-hold me from the fury which the he

(You call me as a witness to) had fir'd?

In these hot veins you should be caught, base man;

How to create such Fabricks.

Bal. Slave! we will

Have vengeance.

Gaf. Yes! we mean to have it, Sir.

You'll walk, or by this Rapier

Bal. Walk awhile, I shall
Live to disfect thy treacherous Corps, as finally

As crums or Atomes. *Exit Bal. Enter Bath. Fred. Mariana.*

Gaf. Hark you, Signior,
The goodness that your goodness makes me owe
Your Family, obliges me to be
Nice in a point, that does so near concern
Your houses reputation: *Bath. Mariana*
Said nothing but truth, for *Mariana* has
Assiduall suitors.

Alc. Hadst th' a Devils spleen,
Or Serpents breath, thou couldst not blast her goodness.

Gaf. First should this weapon rip my entrails out,
E're I would be so impious as to seek
To blast her fame: honest her sex may raise

After her death *Mausolean* monuments,

Or some tall Pyramid, as to the chasteff,

E're crown'd the name of women. Nature first

Would go awry, the Ocean lose its course,

E're she her virtue. Last! Sir, I do only

Tell, she's frequented.

Alc. Why did you deny this?

When he did charge you with it?

Gaf. Though to you

In privat I give notice; think not, Patron,

I am so careless of your Daughters honour,

Or your good name: (although in things of truth),

To back her foes. I do believe, her spirit

Flowing with noble thoughts rejected him

Only to place her love upon another,

Of higher merit.

Alc. Then it seems you know

Whom she's frequented by?

Gaf. Your'e pleas'd to call

My faith in question, Sir.

Alc. Next time he comes,

Be sure you give me notice; that's your charge

Gaf. I'll loose this worthless breath else, when you see,

You will believe it, mean time what you please.

Do Sir: Be sure you shall behold that she

Shall miss her match by my fine treachery. *(Exit)*

ACT 3. SCENE I.

Enter Rodriguez, Marina, and Corinna.

Rod. Thy Uncle, Love, holds still a jealous eye
On all my actions: and I am advis'd

By

By my friend *Gaspar*, that's suspicious ears
Are still behind the hangings: that the servants
Have from him in commands to watch who visits
Your self, or *Mariana*, 'twill be best,
And safest in my judgement, in his presence
That thou forbear to cast a smile upon me:
And that like old *December* I should look,
With an unpleasant and contracted brow:

Var. Why? canst thou change thy heart, my Dear, that heart
Of flesh (thou gav'st me) into Adamant,
Or rigid Marble? canst thou frown on me?

Rod. You do mistake me, sweet, I mean not so
To change my heart: I'll change my countenance,
But keep my heart as loyal, as before.

Var. In troth I cannot credit it, that thou
Canst cast a frown on me: I prithee try.

Rod. Then thus! —

(*He tries and cannot, they smile on each other.*)

Var. I prithee, sweet, betake thy self to schoole
This Lesson thou must learn, in troth thou'rt out.

Rod. Well! I must learn and practise it, or we
Shall blast our budding hopes.

Var. Come! try again!

Rod. But if I try, and prove a good proficient;
If I do act my part discreetly, you
Must take it as a Play, not as a truth;
Think it a formall, not a real frown?

Var. I shall.

Rod. Then once more thus,
(*He frowns, and saith, I' faith My nion I'll blot out of my mind
look to you: she swoonds.*)

Cor. My Mistress hath

The falling-sickness of us maids I help Sir!

Rod. Why how now, sweet? I did distrust thy weakness:
Now I have learnt my part, you are to seek.

Var. Faith! 'twas my weakness, when I did perceive
A cloud of rage condensed on thy brow,
My heart began to melt: but pardon, sweet!
'Twas an effeminate infirmity.

Rod. This must be left: the world must be deluded,
With outward species; we must blind their eyes
With mists and shadows: Faith! thou must disclaim
Thy childishness, and arm thy self with valour:

Grow masculine my dear, an *Elizabeth*,
An *English Elizabeth*, whose grave aspect
Though woman may decline thee almost man.

Var. It must be so, or my effeminate heart
Will prove our ruine.

Enter Gaspar.

Gas.

Gas. What? you're always billing?
 Measuring your lips together? All the house
 Is in an uproar: and your Uncles eye
 Rolls up and down in every corner: haste,
 Or you'll be taken: *Don Prapontio* came
 To visit you, *Varina* is enraged
 To finde you absent: all your nuptiall robes
 (He saies) are fitted, and your bridall bed:
 Next *Thursday* is design'd to knit your hands:
 The Priest will then in readines attend:
 This was the substance of his errand.

Var. Gaspar!

I've thought thee still my friend: and thy advise
 (I know) is sound: Contrive, which way I may
 Shun *Don Prapontio's* bed; and keep my honour
 Reserv'd for *Roderiguez*.

Rod. Honest Gaspar!

Modell some way: tis not an armed Legion
 Shall stop my passage, till I do effect it:
Gaspar, thy Counsell.

Gas. Sir, your obligations
 Have beam'd so freely on me, that my brain
 Is wholly at your service: and this Lady
 May likewise challenge, as her just desert,
 What lies within the verge of my small power.
 My counsell deems it best, that when the Church
 Expects their near approach, in some disguise
 You *Roderiguez* with some other blades,
 Lay *Don Prapontio* breathless, and in haste
 Convey your prize, *Varina*, to some Cottage
 Which lies sequestred from the Cities eye:
 There's the best safety, till the Inquisition
 Is out of breath: and smiling fortune offer
 A time, when you may marry her in peace.

Rod. Your policy is orthodox, my hand
 Shall ratifie it with a bloody seal.

Exeunt.

Scena secunda.

Enter *Prapontio*, *Alvarado*, *Rubio*.

Alv. Nephew I you now are entering into th' world,
 Let me advise you, who am well experienc'd,
 Be not too credulous, trust none without
 A good assurance: try before you trust.

Pra. I warrant you, Uncle, your wealth link'd with my wit, will
 make me an unparallel'd Gentleman, they will elect me *Alcalde* Ma-
 jor, next year, or else I say there is no prudence in the gray-beards of
 the City.

Rub.

The BASTARD,

Rub. Very pathetically spoken, when you are Governour of the City, I hope you will give me a good Office.

Pra. Yes! thou shalt have the honourable function of hangman: how lik'st thou it?

Rub. Marry Sir, I do not like hanging very well.

Pra. Who art thou?

Tay. Your worships Taylor, Sir.

Pra. That is to say my worships thief, alias thief to my worships. Are my wives nuptiall Veniments ready?

Tay. To the putting on Sir.

Pra. Hast thou perfum'd the claps and keepers?

Tay. They will take no perfume, Sir.

Pra. Hast thou made her petticoat to tie behind or before?

Tay. On the side, Sir, according to the French Fashion.

Pra. Yes! that's best. We Spaniards must now run thus. *Prance.*

Tay. And her gown needs no fardingale Sir.

Pra. Well, very well: give your attendance to morrow, and you shall have a quarter of a chicken and a legman for your dinner.

Rub. Afford 6 panvilos, he may chance eat your ladies eate.

Pra. What's that?

Tay. A busque.

Pra. Must she wear it behind or before, or between her legs to keep them from interfeering?

Tay. No! Sir, but on her breast, to hide her great belly.

Pra. Are the Fiddlers bespoken? Has the fidd-makers brought home my embroidered pantofles, I mean to dance in them: bid the Milliner put ambergrease enough on my fime, I shall stir all I sink else.

Rub. Of sweat Sir?

Pra. I, what else?

Alv. Come, Nephew, you had best go visit her to night.

Pra. I'll go before you Sir.

Scena Terna.

Enter Alonzo, Mariana, Gaspar

Alo. Come you egregious strumpet. *(Drags her, his sword drawn)*

Abstract of impudence! what has my patience

Made thee presume of my connivency:

So much vile, Mynion, that your wanton kin

Durst gallop like a posthorse: run at balle

In sin, and fearless meet lasciviousness:

As if that Saints and men had been as deep

Involv'd in sleep, as you in sin: and now

To see Your lust dance Amicks? must my house

Be made the stews, the full receptacle

Of you and your Adulterers, you could laugh

At me, condemn my age; Alas! poor man!
 The Gout doth hold him captive in his Couch;
 We need not fear him: I did hear you Mistress
 And would have entred then, but that I thought
 It more revenge, I held it greater Justice
 To send thy soul (grown filthy) unto hell
 Glutted with pleasures. Come, you'll tell me, Mistress
 Who 'twas, was with you.

Gas. Thus outrageous?

Fye! Patron! such a passion would besit
 A husband better then a father: Age
 Should furnish you with better temper, Confin:
 Sweet, wipe thy eyes: in troth 'tis but a trick
 Common to such young folks, to have a servant,
 A friend in privat to supply their wants:
 Be not so passionate, you must forgive her.
 Pardon, good Sir.

(*Holds him*)

Alc. Stand by, or I shall turn
 My rage on you! Insatiate Strumpet! was not
 The man I destin'd for your husband, good:
 (Too good for thee) but that thy wanton eyes
 Must choose another? Must the Patrimony
 I thought to leave thee, the estate I purchas'd
 With such a care become a salary
 To your hot sin: your Bastards shortly will
 Call Grandfather, and look for portions
 Out of my wealth, but I'll prevent it, Mynion:
 Speak briefly!

(*Mar. kneels down*)

Ma. What? that I have sinn'd? O Sir!
 Remember I'm your daughter, let that name
 Move you to pity of my fact, which youth,
 Unbridled youth occasion'd: though my crime
 May challenge death, as it's desert: your hands
 Ought not to be deaths messengers: 't suffices
 That I have sinn'd, add not to my defect
 By making you a parricide: dear father,
 Forgive me.

Alc. No! Thou'st laid a stain upon
 Our houses honour, which thy wanton blood,
 Nought else can wash away.

Ma. O! rob not Heav'ns
 Of their prerogatives; let them revenge
 Your quarrell, for my mothers sake, whom oft
 You said my feature represented, spare me:
 For her sake do it.

Alc. Nay, for her sake rather
 I must be mov'd to butcher thee, who fear'st not
 So to profane her image, which remains

Better decipher'd in thy perfect essence,
 Then in her monument: Thou'd'st better ye pull'd
 Her sacred reliques from their Urne, deni'd them,
 Cast out her ashes on a dunghill, then
 Committed this, for which her glorious soul
 (If Saints can weep) makes heav'n a sea: O Girl!
 Shame! that thou art my issue: I conceited
 If there had ought been good in Nature, then
 Thou had'st been Mistress of it: now I see
 (Grief to my age!) I was too fond: Affection
 Made me adore an Idol: I was cozen'd:
 There is no trust in mortals.

Gaf. Pray you, Sir!

You are too much distemper'd: faith! her fault
 Is not worth half this anger: take her up,
 Let not the earth pollute those limbs, the pride
 Of Natures workmanship, you may behold
 In those fair Orbs true penitence, those tears
 Were of sufficient vertue to restore
 A person damn'd to paradise: forgive her:
 Or you're too cruel, Signior.

Alo. Let her then

Reveal her Partner.

Gaf. That demand's unjust,
 If she should do it, men should fear hereafter
 To please women, when they see that threats
 Can force Discoveries: good Sir, ask it not,
 'Tis too unreason'able.

Ma. What said my Father?

Alo. Marry, ungracious minyon: I would know
 Whom you have chosen for your stallion,
 To glut your never-sated Orke with lust.

Ma. Is't me you mean Sir? slack your passion, Sir.

Gaf. Conceal him, if you do affect his life.

Ma. These lips yet tepid with his frequent kisses,
 Before they utter ought to hurt him, shall
 Be clos'd for ever, rather rot with Cankers.

Gaf. Noble *Virago*!

Alo. Then resolve to die.

Ma. I care not, here's my bosome, rip it up,
 And steal an acute Eagles eye to pry
 Into my hearts small caverns, and explore
 His name, that writ there, yet it will remain
 Hid in some little Concave, that your fury
 Shall never know it: kill me, I shall smile
 On ugly death: embrace her with a soul
 Triumphant as a Martyrs, I will perish
 A thousand times, e're once I will disclose

(*Whispers to her*)

That pretious secret.

Alo. Do you brave me? do you?
Let go my hands.

Gaf. I must not, will not let you
Draw mischief on your self: go in sweet *Che.*
Let me alone with him.

Exit Mariana.

Alo. Stand off: Let go,
And let me follow her.

Gaf. For what? your rage
Shall not have way to do an act: which done,
You'd wail in tears for ever, should you kill her,
Think what a crime you oenerate your soul with,
Next, what a scandall would ensue: a man
Of your known worth at this age to become
A Parricide on such a daughter, only
For keeping close her friend: Why should you be
Inquisitive to know him?

Alo. T' have revenge.

Gaf. Why so I did imagin: banish rage,
And hear with reasons ears; be sure your daughter
Has plac'd her love on some base one, she dares not
Make privy to your ear, should she disclose him,
You would, she thinks, have vengeance for her fault:
Were he a person noble, she would haste
To tell his name, boast of her choice: how say you?
Is not this reason?

Alo. Very true!

Gaf. He being

A man so worthles, 't would disgrace you more
In seeking vengeance, for the humourous world
Apt to suspect the worfe, would judge the Cause
Of your revenge to be, as 'tis: and so
You lay your own dishonour, and your daughters,
Open, which else might sleep unmention'd, none
But you and I are privy to't, and e're
A syllable should pass in your disgrace
Out of my mouth, I vould be dumb.

Alo. But *Gaspar*!

What shall I do vvith her? For *Balthasar*
Will publish her disgrace, so all vvill shun
Her hated Nuptials: I'll go make her enter
'Mong barefoot Nuns into some Monastery,
Spend the long remnant of her blooming youth
In holy prayers and penitence: I'll make
The poor my heirs, found sacred Hospitals,
Build Colledges vvith my revenues.

Gas. Madneſs !

Religious madneſs ! that's the ready way
To ſell her to damnation : will her ſpirit,
(Can you conceive) which now ~~doth~~ *paſs the limits*
Of Liberty, endure a Cloiſter ? ~~But~~ *h'as* ~~loſt~~ *her*
Fear not his clamours ; wiſe men will impute
~~Them to his paſſion~~ ; 'cauſe h'as loſt her, rather
Then to her merit : Patron, you may finde
Some younger Brother noble as her ſelf
To be her husband ; Gold will make her ſeem
A virgin, though a Mother.

Alo. Honelt *Gaſpar* !

I know thou lov'ſt me.

Gas. As I doe the bliſs

I hope for.

Alo. And, alas ! ungratefull I

Have been too negligent of thy worth, but thou
Haſt inurn'd all thoſe acts.

Gas. 'Tis my Duty.

Alo. Once

I promiſ'd thee her marriage, and in Juſtice

She is thy wife ; and ſure *Aſpen's* angry

For th' injury I did thee, and impoſeth

This heavy croſs upon me ; wilt thou now

Solemnize with her *Hymens* ſacred rites ?

Be not diſmaid ; although her hair-brain'd youth

Hath run into an error, rather due

To heat of blood, then her condition,

She may be honeſt.

Gas. Honelt ! I dare ſwear

She will be truly vertuous, but the meannels

Of my poor fortunes makes me worthleſs, I

Have a ſpot in my blood, which would diſhonour

Your family, reſerve that, Sir, for one

Of noble and illuſtrious Parentage ;

Whoſe worth and quality may add a title

Unto your houſes fame ; for my part, I

Nouriſh no ſuch thoughts ; all the height my poor

Ambition ſoars at, is to be eſteem'd

Your humble ſlave ſtill.

Alo. Thou'rt too humble, *Gaſpar* !

Erect thy Spirit, man, thou hadſt a Father

Had fire in's veins ; come, thou ſhalt marry her ;

I doe command you.

Gas. Your commands are laws,

As ſacred to me as Oracles,

I muſt not break them.

Alo. Thou wilt wed her then ?

Gas. Since you command it.

Alo. Now I see thou lov'st me.

Call me no more thy Patron, but thy Father.
I will acquaint my daughter with my will.

Gas. Have I not labour'd finely? has my brain

Not won the Laurell wreath? She is my own,

And what care I now what the envious world

Can say of me? They'll call me Cuckold, that's

In my esteem, as much as they should call

Me *Signior*: Let her take her pleasure, she,

Not I, doth sin: I'm sure she will afford me

My fill at night too. Happy Age! when all

Were common, when old *Natures* lawes were read

Without a Comment: every man was free

For every woman: then none fear'd the stab

For kissing.

Pic. Save you *Gaspar*.

Gas. And you too:

Sir, what's your business?

Pic. 'Tis not, Sir, with you,

'Tis with your Master.

Gas. With your Master? Hem!

How scornfully this youth demeans himselfe?

E're long, when I am married, I shall be

Sir *Don*, or any thing.

Pic. Good Sir, my Father

Commends him to you, and intreats you would

For satisfaction of the debt he owes you,

Accept his land at *Cordova* in mortgage,

And pay old *Frederiques* debt.

Alo. I grieve, *Picarro*,

That he should com to this; but 'tis his fate,

I'll doe him any courtesie, return

This as my answer.

Pic. Honor'd Sir, I shall.

Alo. A handsome man, and an observant son.

Call back *Picarro*, *Gaspar*!

Gas. Sir, *Picarro*.

My Father doth request you to return.

Alo. *Signior Picarro*, I so much lament

Your noble Fathers case, that will you truly

Resolve me one thing, I will pay his debts

Without your mortgage.

Pic. 'Tshould be difficult

That I would not doe for his liberty.

Alo. Are you in love

Pic. Not to my knowledge.

Alo. Could

[You

You be content to have a Wife?

Gaf. Corinna

Were a fit match for him.

Pic. Yes, of your choosing.

Alo. You've seen my daughter *Marianna*, what say you to her?

Gaf. She is contracted, Sir, Surely he will not break his promise with me.

Pic. Your daughters worth's beyond my hopes.

Alo. But say,

That you should have her, could you her affect?

Gaf. Sure! sure he jests.

Pic. Nothing but heav'n and bliss, I should desire more then her love.

Alo. Picarro;

I do so much commiserate thy Father,
And thy own sufferings, that I am resolv'd
To give her to thee; and thy land shall be
Her Joynture.

Gaf. Do I dream? Ha! ha! I hope,
I shall not be deluded, Patron, Father,
What do you mean?

Alo. Peace! I'll tell her of it.

Gaf. But surely, Patron, you will not deale thus?
Heark, Sir, you mean to marry her?

Pic. I doe.

Gaf. You see this sword?

Pic. I, what of that?

Gaf. Nay nothing.

It is a pure *Toledo* blade, it cost
As it is really worth, twelve Duccats, Sir.
But if you marry her, you have a woman.

Pic. I hope she's no *Hermaphrodite*.

Gaf. No, but

She's something else, a Whore.

Pic. Out slave! thou'rt frantick.

Gaf. O! that I were but valiant, had but heart,

Great as my wrongs are, or but so much power

As would suffice to right them; I could pull

The Crystall Axell that supports the Spheares,

Down to the earth, that all the world might perish

Together with my selfe, since all have sworn:

To be stark villains with me: I'm resolv'd

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta moveo.

To Hell, I'll now address me.

Bal. Thou art come

Now to thy period, Bastard! 'twas your plot

To bring me 'mong my enemies, on purpose

To have me slain, but I have scap't to be
Thy ruine. Say thy Prayers. — (*drawes his sword*)

Gasp. What mean you, Sir?

Bal. To kill thee, slave, and so set free the earth
From bearing such an execrable monster;
Such an inhumane villain.

Gasp. As you're noble,
Lend me a little utterance, till I cloath
In vocall sounds, a businesse that concerns
Your honour neerly.

Bal. But be brief, thy breath
Will blast me else.

Gasp. You come, you say, to kill me?
I'm glad that Nature has afforded life
To such a wretch as I am, till my blood
May doe a person of your worth a pleasure.

Bal. And is this all?

Gasp. Forbeare a little, heare me;
You doe suppose it was my plot to bring
You to your death, I do confesse;

Bal. What? Speak!

Gasp. That won with gifts, I did entice you thither
To your destruction: But, hear me, Sir,
There's none so vile, but may repent; and since
Your Fate afforded you a happier lot,
Then to be slain, forgive me: if the blood
Of such a miscreant, can ought avail you,
I'll give it you my selfe, you shall not stain
Your noble hands with my poore homicide.

Bal. Rare! excellent villain: But methinks those tears
And looks, spring out of feigned penitence;
Disclose the man that hurt me, and I'll pardon
Thy horrid fact, and raise thee.

Gasp. Willingly:

*Twas he must be her husband.

Bal. Who?

Gasp. Picarro.

Bal. May I beleve you? Is this truth?

Gasp. Else kill me.

Bal. Farewell! there's gold.

Gasp. But stay, if one so vile

As I may give you counsell?

Bal. Any thing

That tends to his destruction.

Gasp. Your hot breast

Thirsts for revenge; let it be noble, he
Offerd you publick wrong, let your revenge
Be publick too!

Bal.

Bal. As how?

Gasp. As thus, to-morrow

When he returns from his wish for Nuptials,

Meet him, and kill him, then escape into

The Church, 'twill be your Castle and Asylum;

'Tis brave and safe.

Bal. Ingenious Gaspar, think

He's dead already.

Gasp. This hits right, let all
Perish, I care not, if I rise, who fall.

Scena quarta.

Enter Roderiguez, Chaves, *Eugenia disguised.*

Rod. **T**Is strange, my Father, Sir, should come to hear on't.

Cha. It was that knave Boy that did betray us.

Eug. Pray, Sir, be pleased to return your answer.

Rod. Friend, you may walk, I've nothing to return.

Eug. Then without bashfull fear, or flattery,
You are a noble villain.

Rod. How now, Sirrah!

Eug. Is not your Father's love to be esteem'd

Before your friends? Does not your natural duty,

You owe him, stirre a fury in your blood?

Against that traitor? Poore *Eugenia*! He

Wearies with tears, ev'n grieves it self, to think

Of this curst perjury, and her brothers Spite,

Which either doth for fear, or fond affection

To that ignoble perjurer, permit

Him breath without revenge; but were it mine,

As 'tis your case, I would devour him up

Like some wild *Anthropophagus*; Let Nature

Convince you, kill him.

Rod. Hold your peace, and walk,

Be gone, or I ———

Eug. What dar'st thou, noble villain!

Thy Father on his blessing charges thee

To take revenge; and dost thou only not

Contemne his will, but keep society

With his curst Enemy; marke his cursings, Sir,

Thinke on his blessings.

Rod. Honest friend! the love

I beare your noble quality assaves

Me to detain still with you, but my duty

Commands me not to incurre my fathers curse.

I must desert you.

Cha. P. ithee doe, kind Coxcombe!

I'm glad I'm rid of thee.

Rod. Yet ere we part, think on my sisters merit, how, her virtues
Transcend your Mistress qualities; next view
The perill that you are in; Should it come
To *Balthazar*, that you did wound him, death
Would sure ensue; but for our former love
Let me entreat you be reclaim'd.

Cha. I must not,
Nor will not, you may:

Rod. Sure! I am bewitchd,
To love him, when I offer to relinquish
His Company; there's something loads my feet
With lead, I cannot leave him, fellow, goe,
Return this answer to my Father, that
When I come home, I'll satisfy him, why
I did not doe his pleasure, so be gone——

Without reply:

Eng. Well Sir. *Exit.* *Enter Catalina.*

Cat. O! Sir *Chaves*! what shall we doe Sir *Chaves*? my Mistress——

Rod. What of his love? are we discovered?

Cat. O! worfe! she's to be married.

Rod. Married?

Cat. I marry, married too morrow at Saint Saviours Church.

Rod. Alas! poore man! to whom?

Cat. I know not; oh! I know not! (*wrings her hands.*)
Hold him.

Rod. Good Sir cheere your selfe.

Cha. Some lucklesse serene blast me, may a damp
Thick as *Thyestes* darkness spring from *Dio*,
And muffle up the world in endless night;
That none may see those nuptials, which I'll make
Fatall as *Jafous*; tell your faithles Mistress
In stead of pines, I'll send her rapers, Yew,
And deadly Cypresse to make green her bed,
Where virgin Laurell and such harmles boughes
Dare not approach for fear of blasting; Fiends
Will be her Bridemaids; surely I was borne
With all good stars my Opposites. Is't too morrow?

Rod. Yes Sir too morrow? pray, why rave you thus?

Cha. I pray Sir tell me, may we not, ere then
Borrow some toylsome woodnetts, and invite
The gallant youth o'ch' City to goe hunt
In yonder desarts?

Rod. Why? what then?

Cha. To take
The salvage walkers of the wilderness,
Bulls, Wolves and Tygers, and manure them up
In yonder spacious Amphitheater:

And then set fire on't; till their flaming throats
Roare, howle, and raise a Clamour, which may rend
Like some huge thunderclap the trembling Earth.
That all, e're then, might sink to hell; but I see not
Brave? lett's about it, friend.

Rod. Why should you be
Thus cruell? Sir, your rage transports you.

Cha. Whither?

Now I know, maid, when she hath seen her own;
She'll view my nuptials.

Cat. 'Ll you be married too?

Cha. Married? I'll study to surpass her Falshood;
Her curious eyes, I make no doubt, have choic'd
A handsome Bridegroom?

Cat. Yes! indeed.

Cha. To let

Her see how much I scorn her and her beauty,
I'll wed me to a Creature, in whose looks
Foulness is truly character'd, whose eyes
Are poysonous as a Basilisk, and scarce
Afford their Owner light enough to see
Her bodies horrid edifice, whose frame
Is the true substance, which Anatomists
Aime to decipher in their strange dissections
Of lifelesse Mortals; tell her 'tis to death
I'll wed my selfe; the grave shall be our bed.

Rod. 'Tis none of hers, it is her fathers fault;
Study prevention, or you lose her.

Cha. Did you

Not, tell me she was to be married?

Rod. Yes! but I hope we shall finde means to hinder it. *(Whisper)*

Cha. I'll take your Counsell. *Exeunt.*

Scena quinta.

Enter Balthazar and Boy with a pistoll.

Bal. Ring th' pistoll hither? is it charg'd?

Boy. It is. *Exit.*

Bal. Begon, then quickly. Now Picarro breath
Till 9. a Clock, no longer; hug thy Mistress
Suck poyson form her lips till then, and glory
That thou bereav'dst me of her.

Eng. Is your name

Balthazar? Sonne to Frederique?

Bal. Yes! friend.

Eng. I come to tell you, that you have been wrong'd
Gold to destruction.

Bal. All the Town knowes that,

Thon

Thou needst not come to tell me on't, perchance I
My wondrous sent you to explore my secrets;
Prithee about thy business.

Eng. Can that front, Those limbs of yours which stile you man, endure
Such an abuse without revenge? I come
To informe who 'twas that hurt you.

Bal. Pish! I know them.

Eng. And can they live unstigmatiz'd for villains?
Surely you know them not, they're strangers here.

Bal. Did not *Picarro* hurt me?

Eng. He poor man! Is injur'd to be wedded to a strumpet;
Chaves, one *Chaves* wounded you.

Bal. What's he?

What is that *Chaves*?

Eng. A base villain, Sir.

Bal. How know'st thou this?

Eng. By's own confession, Sir,
'Tis he that wounded you, and grations *Themis*
Has you decipher'd for her instrument
Of vengeance; *Chaves* is his name, on forfeit
Of all the lives I have, I'll make good what
I told you, and conduct you to the person
That injur'd you.

Bal. *Picarro* then is guiltlesse?

Eng. As is my selfe.

Bal. *Chaves*! well let him walk
Till I can meet him, then 'tis odds, this *Arme*
Shall pay his falshood; but *Picarro* must not
Pass thus, depart not from me, friend.

Eng. No Sir

Now perjur'd *Chaves* is thy Fate at hand,
And if *Eugenia* lives, thou shalt not stand: *Exit.*

Scena sexta.

Enter Alvarado. Varina. Prepontio. Alonzo.

Rubio. Hebes. Fidlers.

Pre. **P**lay louder *Picaro*s, that string's made of an *Usurers* gut, it
sounds like the syngling of a money-bag. Fy! on these *Gie-*
terns and *Treble-bass* viols, they are not comparable to an *Italian bar-*
bicon; march on my desire *Colloquintida*, Uncle, you are not so merry
as the solemnity of my presence deserves. March on *fidlers*, the fur-
mittee my *English Cooke* promised to make me, will be burnt too else:
but what's that *Rubio*?

Rub. O Sir! a pece too rare for vulgar eyes;
And worthy only your perspicuous judgment:

An Epithalamium I compos'd on your wedding, you'll allow my Mist'is Bride to kiss me for?

Alv. Nephew, it will serve better at home than here.

Var. Good Husband! Without Ceremony, thou shalt not.

Pra. Good Husband? How sweetly her throat utters it? All the Prick-song in St. Saviours is not like those two words; but lead the way while I support my magnificent Corps, with my Mistresses fair Arm through this dark Entry; they say it is haunted with spirits; but if they come, we'll conjure them.

(Going in he is stab'd by Roderiguez and Chaves, who in disguise snatch away Varina privately)
Oh! The Cramp, the Spavins, the Yellow Janders, the Grincoms, the wambling Trot, or some such Belly vengeance has put my guts out of joynt. I tell you, *Rubio*, untruss my points.

Rub. So you may chance contaminate my fingers. Alas! You bleed.

Pra. Is my blood red or yellow?

Rub. 'Tis white, Sir.

Pra. Oh! Dismal, dismal! Don *Prapontio's* guts ate too big for his belly.

Alv. Alas! My Nephew's wounded! Look about who hurt him?

Rub. 'S life, here's nothing but the walls, unless they be invisible. Master, you do, but dream, you are not wounded.

Pra. I am neither Husband, nor Master now, but I must die; I leave my body to be buried; and good Uncle, sweet Wife, and honest *Rubio*, put a musket, powder and shot into the Coffin with me.

Rub. Look how those Rosy cheekes convert to Dazies.

Pra. On my blessing do as I bid you, or my furious Ghost will haunt you; for since it was some Spirit of the Buttery; because I loved wine well; or Hobgoblin, because I used to lick the Cream bowls; that has done me this injury to kill me; I will when I come among them be revenged; for sure it is, I must go whisper two or three words with *Pluto* and his Fraternity; bury me in a Coletta, or Buffe jacket, that Rapiers may no more hurt me.

How rawbon'd Death's with his black dart
Ready to pierce my Lions heart?

Alv. Alas! Poor Nephew, he bleeds.

Pra. Yet, Uncle, I will spite of his nose bequeath my moveables; First, to my sweet Wife *Varina* I give all my Plate and Jewels; and to my Uncle all that I have in my Closet, viz. Two Holland Cheeses, three pound of Raisins, *Solu*, &c. And to thee my servant *Rubio*, all that I have in my Pockets, as also the Handkercher wrought with Coventry blew, and my Needle-case and Thimble, &c. But good *Rubio*, put my sneezing box with me into the Tomb, it will clear my eies.

Oh! I can speak no more, for now to Heaven doth go
The Valiant soul of Don *Prapontio* (dies.)

Alv. But where's my Niece? *Varina*! Oh! She's gone;
This is some cursed plot; let's in, and send
Peasts to way-lay them, e'er they take to Sea.

Dispatch out Hew and Cries ; that may arrest them,
 And bring them back to judgements bar. Hard fate !
 What plagues of grief hang on my aged head,
 And drop their vengeance on my hoary haire
 In showers of blood ? Was't not enough my daughter
 Defam'd my Family by her goat-like lust ;
 But now my Neece, *Varina* must conspire
 With Villaines to disgrace me ? Could her baseness
 No safety finde, but by her Husbands blood ?
 Rebellious Children ! Know a Fathers hand
 Provok'd, strikes hard ; and though I do endure
 Your faults awhile, my vengeance shall strike sure. *Exeunt.*

Heb. Oh ! My sweet Master. I am undone, I am undone, many
 an *Ashwednesday* and *Goodfriday* nights supper must my belly make ; I
 was no sooner come from being an under-Scullion to be an under-
 Cooke ; but now I must Crab-like crawl backward from being an
 under-Cooke to be an under-Scullion, or any thing ! Oh, miserable !
 Well, I will go in, and fill my belly now, though I fast the longer
 afterwards ; if fate has decreed that all the fat must be in the fire, it
 must be so ; my belly must pray patience ; I fear this next year will
 be nothing but Ember weeks. *Exit.*

A C T. IV. S C E N. I.

*Enter Chaves, Roderiguez, without disguise
 and swords drawn.*

Cha. Curse on my fate !

Rod. Have patience, Sir, we shall
 Remove your grief too ; or in streams of blood
 We'll swim to our desires. *Enter Gaspar.*

Cha. O ! Signior, *Gaspar* !
 Why had not we your notice of this wedding ?

Gasp. It was so closely carried, that my ears
 Could ne'er be privy to't ; what ailes my Master ?
 Why, Sir, so pensive ? Fear not, Sir, my Mistress
 Will love you still ; but I do sound you come
 To Butcher her new Bridegroom ; Is't not so ?

Cha. Thy augury's most true ; these swords but now
 Reak'd in the streams of *Don Preportio's* blood ;
 To help my Friend *Rodriguez* to his Love.

Gasp. In troth the World's well rid of such a fool !

Cha. And yet are thirsty ; we must sail through blood
 To our desired port ; tell her I'll drink

A health unto her in *Picarro's* gore;
 I once did in obedience to her will;
 Spare it, but 'twas by Fate reserv'd to be
 Drawn empty now, and this enraged hand
 Shall break the Conduir up; 'twill do me good:
 In expectation here Ile wait, untill
 I finde and kill him —

Gas. Nol do n't kill him now:
 Twere too unholy to prophane those rites,
 Besides, he's arm'd with th' choicest of his friends,
 That should you kill him, 'twere impossible
 You should escape the *astrum* of their fury,
 Patience awhile, bridle your wrath, Ile plot
 To do't more easie: Pray be pleas'd.

Cha. Thou wert
 Hatcht in a Pigeon's nest, thou art so timorous
 Tell us of murder, not of safety, rather
 Let's study to create new ways to kill
 Though to destroy the world; and so to be
 Earths common Executioners; then that
 He should enjoy and crop those blessed Roses.

Gasp. What if he do? he has but what you left,
 Hee'll prick his Fingers ere he pluck that rose;
 Before to morrow night his Glas is run.
 Pray, Sir, withdraw, be sure on't.

Rod. Good Sir, doe.

Cha. Your counsell shall prevail.

Exeunt.

Gas. So let them go, had this fresh Gamester entred
 And kild *Picarro*; and her Father known
 Twas I e enjoy'd her, he would have procur'd
 A pardon for him, and have giv'n him her,
 So I'd been cozen'd, but I'm rid of all:
Balthazar kils *Picarro*, then himself
 Suffers; *Prapontio's* kild by *Chaves*, whom
 The Law for that fact strait shall apprehend,
 And soon condemn as guilty; so not one
 Is left to be an obstacle.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Master bids you not expect him, he'll not come. *Exit.*
Gas. He will not come? how now? Ile call them back:

Oh! that I were but registred the first
 In Coxcombes catalogue, to place my hopes
 On One, when others offerd to effect them.
Villains had need to see with Argus eyes,
They'll be most fools else, when they seem most wise. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena secunda.

Enter Mariana and Catalina.

Cat. **F**aith! *Mistris* do not grieve so, you do wrong
 The beauty of your face, should your new husband
 See this, he'd grow suspicious; dry your eyes
 For shame, 'ts a sin to weep in wedding shoes.

Ma. Denude me of these gawdy garments, get
 Funestall vestments for my new attire:
 Lend me a book to pray on, and intreat
 The Priest that married me, to com again;
 I'd speak with him.

Cat. Still in this moestfull tune;
 You will not dye I'm sure?

Ma. Pray, keep those flowers
 To straw my Coffin with, and tell the Virgins
 That came to grace my nuptials, I invite
 Them to my Obsequies.

Cat. Bless me! *Mistris*, baxter
Chaves were hang'd, then you should kill your self
 For him, your husband is a proper man,
 And for Sir *Chaves*, you may have him too,
 Dye, quoth you, faith! that were a trick indeed;
 Be merry, *Mistris*, come, you shall; this is
 Your wedding day.

Ma. My day of buriall call it;
 For so it will be, I have lost the May,
 The flower of Brides, my Virgin glory, and
 I know, my husband hearing what has past
 Twixt *Balthasar* and me, will be most curious
 In searching; when as needs he must, he finds
 Me for a Virgin thrust on him, to be
 Not so, hee'll kill me.

Cat. Is this all your fear?
 Mercury water, or som Gypres berries
 Will cozen th' cunningst searcher of them all.

Ma. I must not trust it. *Catalina*, thou
 Hast always lov'd me!

Cat. Yes truly, *Mistris*.

Ma. Thou wouldst be loath to see me murdered?

Cat. Bless you, good *Mistris*!

Ma. Thou art faire and young.

Cat. Faith, reasonable; I've seen many a worse
 Face in a Ladies habit, I'll assure you.

Ma. And I dare say a Virgin.

Cat. Yes, in truth,

The more's my grief.

Ma. Wilt thou supply my room? And

And be the Bride to my new husband ?

Cat. I

Would not, forsooth, lose my Virginity.

Mar. Come, be not squeamish, when he is in bed

And th' Candle's out, then Ile frame an excuse

To rise, and thou shalt com into my place ;

And after he's asleep, Ile come again.

Cat. For your sake, Mistress, I will do't, and get

A drug to mak' him sleep.

Mar. Doe, prithee doe.

'Tis late, about it.

Exit Catalina

Enter Alonzo, Alvarez, Picarro

Alo. Son! you're beholding to the youth o'th' City,

In the solemnity of these your Nuptials,

They have procur'd a Masque, they stand without

Enter Masque

Balthazar sings,

1. False and foolish are the toys

Of worldly joys,

The Paphian Goddesses only rules

Fantastick Fools:

Then why should I (simplicity)

Thus dote upon her Deity.

Rufus:

2. Woman is light as a feather,

Or the weather:

More inconstant then the wind

Is her base mind:

Fickle still, can only be

Constant in inconstancy.

Rufus:

3. The rose which plucks I have refus'd,

Another choos'd:

Mars did hug Venus, Sir, yet she

Could satisfied be

Black Mulciber. Your wife doth know

To draw Acton on your brow,

And make your Cornucopia be

Triumphant to Eternitie.

Dance.

Pic. This is a strange Epithalamium ?

Alo. 'Tis a strange Song! and a far stranger dance

Alv. 'Tis rare and new! it carries mystery with it.

Pic. Who is the chief to whom we owe our thanks?

(Balthazar discovers himself.)

Bal. 'Tis I, Picarro! Sir, 'tis I, your Mistress

Knows me, I did provide this Masque on purpose

That you might know, how you are injured.

Pic. Explain your Riddle, be our Oedipus,

We're yet in darkness.

Bal. Thus

Bal. Thus, Sir, That old man
That led the woman, represents *Deceit*,
And she his daughter *Lust*; the next pair, he
On the right hand is *Treachery*, who lead
In me deciphering *True Affection*:
And the last couple which came after us,
The first of them is *Wantonnesse*, who pulls
Lust from me, and doth give her to that person
Who signifies a *Cuckold* and a *Fool*.
You understand me!

Pic. 'Tis a Paradox.

Bal. Then know, your wife's a hatefull prostitute,
Her Father is a Villain, you a Cuckold.
I'll say no more.

Pic. You've said enough already
To seale you to damnation. (*Drawes*)

Ma. O Sir, stay,
Give Losers leave to speak: his fury moves him
To be thus passionate.

Pic. But that I will not
Stain with your blood my Nuptials, you should know
How false your tale is: but there's other times
To meet with you.

Bal. I shall be ready when
You please to call me. *Exit Masque.*

Alv. It is strange me thinks
That *Balthazar* should be so spitefull, Brother:
This must not passe thus.

Pic. No! I shall hereafter
Have vengeance.

Ma. He deserves ten thousand deaths
For such a wrong.

Alv. What muse you on, Sir; Ha!

Pic. *Balthazar*, Sir, has always been a man
Of good esteem, I marvell he should raise
Without occasion, such a calumny. (*Mariana swowns*)

Alv. O! help my daughter!

Alv. Hold her, else she falls!

Pic. Heav'ns showre down Balm to cure her, or let loose
Some blasting lightning, that may seare me up
Till I convert to ashes: see, her breath
In little streaks flies from her, to make sweet
Death with its pretious flavor; send for hither
Those curious men that strive to give new life
To Carcasses, those that do spend their studies
In Image-making; let them here receive
A perfect patern, afterwards to cut
All womens Marbles by.

Alc. There's life ! there's life !

Pic. She beautifies uncomely death ! Might she
Remain thus uncorrupted, she would make
A Statue passing all the Alabasters
We can erect, in memory of her name.

Ma. Oh ! Oh !

Pic. That breaks her heart-brings ! Blessed Saint !
Fly not so fast, sweet soul ; I'll rob the Turtle
Of his swift wings, but I'll o'retake thee, that
In thy society I may mount to yonder
Celestiall region, for thy sake they will not
Deny admission ; the Saints are timorous
To lose their mansions ; for her merit asks
A Crown above a Martyrs.

Alc. Sonne !

Pic. Behold !

Her spotlesse soul attir'd in white, ascends
In a clear Chariot, drawn by virgins : strait
I come, stand off. *(He offers to make unready)*

Alc. She will recover :

Pic. Yes !

When she's among her fellow-Angels, then
She may recover life, a glorious essence
Due to her goodness ; Earth was too unworthy
To beare so rare a jewell, fitter farre
For Heav'n's rich wearing ; yet you have done well
A while to stay me, while I scale a blessing
From those pure lips ; though they are cold, one kisse
From them will glut me ; which delight hath equall
To that she's gone to. *(he kisses her)*

Alc. Her eyes open.

Pic. Look,

The Torches fade at such a brightnesse, surely
In this short trance sh's lost that little remnant
She had of human essence ; and 's become
Wholly immortall, and deserves our knees. *(he kneels)*
Why gaze you on me ? is't not just ? A saint
Merits this honor.

Ma. You all hate me ; why
Did you recall my spirits from the blisse
They almost had attain'd to ?

Pic. I'll support thee,
And if thou fall'st, my arm shall keep the earth
From touching thee ; 'twill grow too proud to beare
So rich a burden.

Ma. O Picarro ! I
Had thought you'd had a better faith in me,
Then to grow jealous at the false report

Of a base man; I will not live to have you
Deem so ignobly of me.

Pic. Were this breast
Arm'd with th'obdurate shells of Tortoyfes;
Or mal'd with scales of Dolphins, I would force
A passage into't, that you might behold
Each thought that's there, if any one but favour
Of jealousie, then utterly detest me;
But I will make this slave an expiation,
A very *Anathema* for this injury
Which he hath with such impudence aver'd
Against thy honor. (*Enter Catalina with bottles and glasses.*)

Ma. I believe you, Sir.
Fill me a bowle of water, I'll begin
Your Nuptiall health.

Pic. Let it be wine I'll drink't:
We't liquid metall.

Mar. Father-in-law, to you.

Alv. Brother, to you.

Alo. Son, to you; and may she
Be made a mother by you.

Ma. Catalina.

(*Whispers.*)

Cat. I've done.

Pic. Come! Fill it till it over-flow,
Or bring a bigger glasse.

Ma. 'Tis needlesse, Sir.

Pic. He that denies to pledge't, I'll flit his wezand.

Alv. *Alonso*, it growes late, 'tis time the Bride
Had put the Torches out; we'll see her bedded.

Pic. I doe preferre the pleasures of this night
Before all treasures, or the earths delight.

Exeunt.

Scena tertia.

Enter Chaves, Roderiguez, Gaspar, with a Torch.

Cha. Is't possible he should be gone so soon
To bed? 'Tis yet scarce ten a clock.

Rod. O *Gaspar*!
Lend me thy Torch; by heav'n's me thinks 'twere easie
To set the House on fire, and burn the villain
In her embraces.

Gaf. So you'd burn her too!

Cha. Faith! not much matter, since I left her, all
My Ice is turn'd to Marble, could I not
Borrow yon star for one halfe houre, and cast it
Like to a ball of wild-fire through yon hole,
To make the chamber hotter? Were't not pretty
If from the top of yonder Pyramid

I could embrace the Moon, and pull her from
Her watry sphears, to finde their plumes? Say, friend,
May I not doe it?

Rod. What strange temper's this?

His mind runs on the Moon; What? Lunatick?

Cha. Look where the death-fall Owle lies: Heere, his wings

Flask in the aire, t'invise the Demes that nest

In yon tall steeple to deride me: is there

No heat in nature left? Am I converted

So soon to water? Yet my eyes are dry,

They cannot weep a flood, sufficient

For a new generall Deluge: Look! I quake

Like to a frosty Polander, when wrapt

In Iron sheets, he layes him down a man,

O're night in th' Field, and in the morning rises

A Cake of Ice, or Snow-ball. Is't not cold?

My limbs do play on th' Organs.

Gaf. 'Tis your fancy:

You're passionately mad.

Cha. I do not vvalk yet

Bare, vvith a long Horn arm'd, nor kisse the dust

With naked feet; but I vvill learn, these garments

Are very ponderous: vvhen I've rent them off,

I shall begin to be a Bedlam.

Rod. Gaspar,

Prithee perswade him.

Gaf. Sir, you do conceit

Because your project must to night, your love

Is lost for ever; do not so, to morrow

We'll have a night as opportune as this,

To kill her husband.

Cha. Yes, if he vvould die,

When vve do vvish him dead, or could our eyes

Kill him, and never look upon him; so

I doe believe he might be slain, but else

Gaf. Heare me a little, if I do not show

A vvay to kill him.

Cha. That's an easie thing:

Levell a Canon at him, blow him up

With Gunpowder.

Gaf. But heare me, Sir, to morrow

You and your friend, vvith others I'll procure,

In strange disguises shall present your selves

There in a Masque; I'll tell you are my friends,

And in the Dance one of the men I'll hire

Shall kill him; you shall not be touch't in this.

How like you't, Sir, is't not a good conceit?

Cha. Good, very good, could my deeds but effect

What you have spoken — but I fear he has
Some charms about him, Steele nor payson will
Enter his body : so 'ts impossible,
That what you here advise can ever be done.

Gaf. Yes! fear not, Sir, I'll visit you to-morrow.

Cha. Do, and forget not what you promise now.

Rod. His care and vigilance is far beyond
Our thoughts.

Cha. Then let him glut himself to night.

Gaf. It surely, Sir, shall be his last good night :
Men may shun publick, but not privat spight : *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Mariana, Catalina.

Ma. Come! thou'rt a wily strumpet; faith! thou didst
Excellent well! but not one word : I'll goe
And dress me ; *Exit.*

Enter Picarro.

Pic. Sure I have drunk the blood of scorpions,
Suckt mandrakes juice or henbane feed, my heart
Is almost burnt to ashes : *Catalina,*
Fetch me some water.

Car. Here's some ready Sir.

Pic. Give me another cup, I hate that bowl;
'Twas that I drank last night in : was 't not you
Fill'd me the wine?

Car. It was.

Pic. Was nothing in't?

Car. Nothing, but wine and sugar, Sir.

Pic. What's this?

Car. Some of the sugar spilt on th' side of th' cup :
I'll wipe it off.

Pic. Stay, is this sugar, minion?
I've found you out, you're hir'd to poyson me :
This is a drug, speak quickly, say by whom
Or perish.

Car. O good Sir! if I had thought
I should have had no better a requitall,
I'd not have been so kinde.

Pic. So kinde? as how?
Be brief, or this shall spoil your utterance.

Car. A Maidenhead deserves more favour, Sir.

Pic. Impudent divell! who'd to do with that?

Car. Last night you had it, Sir.

Pic. Dye, Monster!

(goes to kill her)

Car. Hold, Sir, for Heav'n's sake! I confels, my Mistres —

Pic. What of my Love?

Cat.

Cat. To say truth, Sir, she hir'd me
To give y^e a sleepey potion, having lost
The blossome of her honour, she procur'd
Me to supply her place, and laid me by you.

Pic. But is this truth? ha! a whore! (*Pulls out Mariana*)
Egregious strumpet! was it not sufficient
To make me be the packhorse of thy lust;
The common father to thy odious fry:
The loathsome compound of lasciviousness
Thou hast within thee? but thou must betray
My chaste embraces to the sinfull arms
Of a foul harlot, on that sacred night
When I was full with hopes of the reward
Of my true love: ask mercy quickly; pray,
For I will kill thee.

Ma. Holy Angels guard me! (*Heav'ns and Saints*)
What mean you dear *Picarro*? Heav'ns and Saints
Help, as I'm guiltless.

Pic. Guiltless? so's the Devil;
A plague upon this curst effeminate sex!
Would curses wound as doth the Mandrakes groan,
I would invent as bitter searching tearms,
As curst, as harsh, as horrible to hear
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome Cave;
My tongue should stumble in my earnest words,
My eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My hair be fixt an end, as one distract,
Yea, every joynt should seem to curse and ban;
Oh! I could thunder out a Volley of Curses,
A rapody of banefull execrations.

Ma. What? dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome Leaper, look on me.
What? art thou like the Adder waxen deaf?
Be payf'rous too, and kill thy forlorne spouse.

Pic. Thou hast a place about thee, where the furies
Take up their mansion; I do know, thy eyes
Can with false tears outvie the Crocodile:
Thy tongue can altercate more several notes,
Then the *Hyena's*, and can sweetly charm
As doth a Syren, warble forth as sweet
Notes as a Philomel: 'tis bootless now
To seek to palliate thy Crimes, thy partner
Reveal'd it all: repent, and do it quickly:
Or else die damn'd, I care not.

Ma. Must I die?

Pic. You should, though Queens upon their knees in tears
Sud'd for thy pardon, Saints implore thy life,
They should not save it: canst thou nourish hopes

Of ought but death, when thy inhumane Acts
Tell thee thou hast deserv'd to suffer for them
More then eternall tortures ?

Ma. O Picarro !

Remember what I am, not what I have been,
I'm now your wife, - Sir, if I have been tempted
To that *Venerable* sin : 'twas e're religion
Had made me yours : you were not injur'd by it,
And though for fear of being discover'd, I
Did thrust this hapless maid into your bed,
Though't be a fault, that well might merit death,
Damm me not for it : give me leave to make
My peace with Heav'n, and then I'll yeild to die :
Thank you to kill me.

Pic. If I let her talk

A little longer, she'll perswade me : come,
Hold up your hands for mercy, make short prayers,
And this shall say Amen unto them, pray — (*Holds up his Sword*)

Ma. Since your stern rage will not permit you hear
A word of mercy : for your own sake do not
Draw double vengeance on your self : poor Girl,
'Twas I that caus'd her sin : a twofold murder
Will lie too heavy on you.

Pic. Sure my hand

Has got the Palsey : yet before thou dy'st,
Discharge thy conscience of one crime : thy soul
Will be the lighter : tell me this, what Fiend ?
What Devill in humane shape? for man would never
Have tempted thee to sin, 'twas that betraid,
Thee to his Lust ?

Ma. I'm sure you've heard my Father
Contracted me to *Balthasar*.

Pic. What then?

Ma. Thinking that he should have been married to me,
I let him have my honour, little dreaming
Of what has happened since : remember once
I sav'd your life, for that good turn afford
A little Leisure.

Pic. Mariana, since

Thou art dishonest, 'tis impossible
Vertue should rest in women : sure some Saint
Of your deceitfull sex has fled to Heav'n
With all your women-vertues : otherwise
Thou'dst had a share in't. (*Offers to strike*)

Ma. E're you strike, one word
E're I be silent ever : there must come
A day, when you must dye too, when your faults
Must beript up, as mine are now : and then

You'll

You'll finde it written in your Conscience-book,
As first and greateſt of your ſins, that you
Not only were a parricide, but that
You damn'd a ſoul too, which will be requir'd
Of your poor Gholt: then that will quake to ſee
Me wrapt in flames, when it remembers how
Your anger cauſ'd it: rather ſhut us up
Poor Reclufes in ſome ſtrict Monaftery,
Where we may weep, till in our tears we ſwim
To mercy, with our prayers beg heav'ns to ſhowre
Their bleſſings on you.

Pic. I will have a Cave,
A darkſome Spelunk in ſome Wilderneſs,
Where never graſs grew, where the balefull tops
Of Yew and Cypreſs baniſh *Titans* light,
Where never harmleſs bird nor beaſt doth live
For the foul Airs infection, where the howles
Of wolves and goats (ſuch as your ſelves are) ſhall
Joyn'd with the ſcreech owles and the ravens notes
Make but harſh Muſick to you, all that's there
Shall be an Emblem of that *Stygian* Grove
You both deſerve to enter.

Mar. Ought but death
So ne're ſo horrid.

Enter Gaſpar.

Gaſ. How now? is the wind
In this doore? what? is the diſcovered?

Pic. Fly hence, who e're thou art, if thou wilt ſave
Thy ſoul from ſpilling, but yet ſtay, thou art
(If any good be on the earth) an honeſt
Plain-dealing man, thou told'ſt me that, which now
I finde too true: but I rejected thee,
Now to my woe I rue it.

Gaſ. Laſ! Sir! I (*Aside with Picarro*)
Was griev'd to ſee a man of your true worth
So baſely cozen'd, to be caſt away
On ſuch a Mammet: why? that very hour,
That luckleſs hour you came here, I had found
Her whoredome out: ſhe was but thruſt on you,
When all refus'd her: Me (poor man!) her Father
Tempted with gold, did vow her, and when I,
(Be cauſe I knew ſhe was a vvhore) rejected
His urged proffer: he reſolv'd to vail her
A Nun, but that your coming did prevent it:
To your undoing,

Pic. Knev her father then,
That ſhe was falſe?

Gaſ. Knev her it was his plot
Gainſt my perſwaſions (Heav'ns they know) to wrong

Your noble self, and I for love to vertue
 Would then have told you, what you know not, but
 You deem'd me frantick: I could weep an Ocean
 To think how you, Sir, are by them deluded,
 But 'twas your fortune, 'tis past help.

Pic. I prithee

Go to the sacred Church, and bid the Sexton
 Evacuate the vaults and monuments
 Of the old bones that many years have kept
 Their rotten habitation there; and bid him
 Make the Church-yard one sepulchre: I'll bring
 Bodies enough to fill them; not the plague
 Shall be more pestilent, then my vengeance.

Gas. Sir,

You've found me true to you, and since my Master
 Could be ignoble, Justice and the zeal
 I ow to goodness, urges me to aid
 You in revenge: Let it be thus.

Pic. As how?

Gas. I came to you now to crave license, that
 At night I might have brought a masque to grace
 Your Festivall: Let it go on, I'll hire
 Men in the Masque to kill her, force her Father
 That he may see his error.

Pic. Kill him too.

Gas. I, Sir, what else?

Pic. 'Twas Balthasar she serv'd.

What time of day is't *Gaspar*?

Gas. Early yet,
 Near seaven a clock.

Pic. My busines calls away;
 You will not fail at night.

Gas. Question't no more.

Pic. Mean time be sure that none, good *Gaspar*, speak
 With these base strumpets, let none have access. *Exit.*

Gas. No! not the wind, Cousin, poor Cousin, had you
 Not better have had me then these rude Ruffians?
 There's no way now but death.

Ma. O! Cousin, yet
 When I behold thee, I can fear no peril;
 I know thou'lt save me.

Gas. 'T may be so, but what
 Would you do for him, that should save you?

Ma. Anything.

Gas. Though many that receive such injuries
 As I have done, would be more prone to vengeance,
 Then mercy: yet if you will love me, Cousin,
 I'll save your life, and kill this faine *Picarro*.

Mar. Do it, and by this hand I'll marry thee.

Gas. By this same kiss I will, before your maid
Car. I. *Gaspar*, save our lives, and marry us both.
Gas. Keep close your Conclave, sit not out, I'll plot
 A means to save you: th' plot is in my brain.
Ma. We are alive yet, *Carolina*, *Women*
 May sometimes overreach the archest villains:
Gaspar, I'll fit you: you may chance expire
 Before us: *Scorcht men use to shun the fire.*

ACT 5. SCENE 1.

Enter Roderiguez and Priest.

Pri. SO smile the Heav'ns upon this holy Act,
 That future houres with sorrow chides us not.

Rod. Amen! Amen! but come what sorrow can,
 It cannot countervail the exchange of Joy.
 Do then but close our hands with sacred words:
 Then Love-devouring Death do what he dare:
 It is enough, that I but call her mine.

Pri. These violent delights have violent ends:
 And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
 Which, as they kish, consume: the sweetest honey
 Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
 And in the taste, confounds the appetite:
 Therefore love moderately, long love doth so,
 Too swift arrives as tardy, as too slow.
 Is this the Lady? Oh! so light a foot
 Will ne're wear out the flint, or bruise the street.
 A Lover may bestride the *Gossameres*,
 That idle in the wanton Summer-air:
 And yet not fall: so light is vanity.

Var. Good even to my Ghostly Father!

Pri. Daughter,

Thy spouse shall give thee thanks here for us both.

Var. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rod. *Varina*, if the measure of thy joy
 Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
 To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
 This neighbour Aire, and let rich Musicks tongue
 Unfold th' imagin'd happiness, that both
 Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Var. Conceit more rich in matter, then in words

(Kisses her)

Brag of his substance, not of Ornament,
They are but beggars that can count their worth :
But my true Love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum the sum of half my wealth.

Pri. Come! come with me, and holy rites shall give
A fiat to your Love : I'll joyne those hands
(As you have done your hearts) in *Hymens* bands. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Eugenia, Balthazar.

Eng. This is his lodging, I believe, he's scarce
Out of his bed yet : walk, Sir, down the lane,
While I go in, and train him out : but then
Be sure you do dispatch him: least he wound you,
And grown enraged with some petty scratch
Shread your subdued Carcass into mamocks :
You know his voice ? I'll go.

Bal. Be expedite.

Enter Picarro, drawn.

Pic. This way he went, they told me : Well o'rtaken :
Were you at prayers, or at confession lately?

Bal. Why Sir, I hope you are no Priest, Picarro?

Pic. I must be yours, I come to shread your corps :
And send it minc'd to *Pluto's* balefull table :

Bal. You're welcome, Sir, but say, I play the Butcher, *(Drawer)*
Strike you down first, and ripping up your offall,
Should throw them to *Diana's* yelping troops?
I know your quarrel. *(Picarro runs at him, Balb. falls)*

Pic. Gramercy hand! I've plaid the Butcher now :

And fell'd the Beast : *procumbit humi bos!*

While thou hast sense left, cry for mercy, think,

Think what a horrid, sacrilegious sin

Thou hast committed : doth not thy soul tell thee

(Now when thy faults appear) that thou art damn'd?

Without redemption?

Bal. I hope not, as yet

Can't I remember what I've injured you in:

That you should take my life; my last nights act

Was nought but truth.

Pic. I know that, but 'twas thou

That hadst her honour, that bereav'dst her of

Her virgin purity : and when thou shedst

For all thy Crimes one drop, for this weep seas :

They'll scarce wash white thy spotted soul again.

Bal. Did *Mariana* tell you this?

Pic. Thy conscience

Tells thee that this is truth.

Bal. It is not truth.

Trust me now dying, she's as chaste, as she
Was born for me, it is one *Chaves*, that
I did stand here to kill; he whor'd her: O I cannot find him!

Pic. Some Angel keep thy soul in, till, thy tongue
Reveal that villain, *Chaves*? he's a stranger.
I know him not; you'll glory, faithless Mistress!
That you have made me kill your enemy:

My friend, that stood to right me: but that *Chaves*,

I'll finde him out, though he were hid in mists,

And quarter'd in the Clouds, my searching eye

Shall make a quick discovery, and inroll
Him in the list of my engaged foes;

But in this labyrinth I'll have a Clue
To guide my steps unto his final fall.

Enter Catalina as a Mistress, & Disguised.

Mariana as a Servant.

Some friendly whirlwind hurle me hence with speed,
Into some desert wilderness, which woman

Yet ne're polluted with her steps: — they fly me:

Good creatures, stay! forgive me: sure this tongue

Has injur'd you: good? (can that adjunct be

Fit for a woman): if you know your selves

Bankrupt of female vices, to be heirs

Of your lost sexes goodness: pray, you tell me

And I'll adore you with that reverence,

I would do Saints, be proud to say hereafter,

I met two virtuous women.

Cat. Surely Sir,

You have receiv'd some monstrous injury

From woman; makes you out of charity

With all that sex; yet be not so, your mother

Was but a woman.

Pic. Very true, you seem

Indu'd with sense: had you but known the wrong

I have receiv'd from one, that should have been

More honest: you will then, I know, confess,

I speak not without cause.

Cat. You're married, Sir?

Pic. Yes!

Cat. And it is your wife has injur'd you?

But tell me, did you love her?

Pic. Just as you've seen the Ivy cleave to th' Oak,

Or hony-bearing Woodbine to the Thorns,

So dear she was to me.

Cat. And can that fact,

How foul soever, change that love into

So dire a hatred? Look but on the King
Of beasts, the Lion, when his Lioness
Sins with the Leopard; though he storm, yet when
Sh'as washt her self, he strait forgets it: sure
Your wife has washt her spotted soul in tears
For her delict, take pitty on her: I,
Although a stranger, must perswade you.

Pic. Sooner
To set the world on fire, then to forget
Her faults.

Cat. I knew a damosel once, both young
And beauteous, that offended, she was wed,
And e'er her Nuptials had been false.

Pic. My wife:
Sure't was my wife.

Cat. Nay, more: to cloke her fault
She got another to supply her room
On th' wedding night.

Pic. You know our story: sure't
Could be none else but she.

Cat. And yet her husband,
Pitting her youth, did pardon her.

Pic. A man,
Moulded of patience, or of baseness, but
What did she then?

Cat. Why? He immur'd her up
In an observant Nunnery, to pay
The tribute of her sin with Penitence;
And she's a convert now: do so, when next
You see your wife, take that good course, and do not
Damn her and your self too!

Pic. Alas! My wife
Committed more then this, for when her throat
Was underneath my sword; she fear'd not then
To irritate Heav'n's vengeance with a lie,
A wond'rous lie, you see yon Gentleman.

Cat. Yes, what of him?

Pic. That injur'd man, she told me
Was he, that had enjoy'd her, made me kill him,
And yet Heav'n's justice, gave his dying lips
Leave to reveal her partner.

Cat. Know you him?

Pic. His name is *Chaves*!

Cat. Chaves?

Pic. Judge you Mistress:

Merits she not a *Chiliad* of deaths?

Mar. Her own tongue, Sir, shall be her judge; she does. (*discovers*)

Pic. What's *Pluto's* gates blown ope, and *Cerberus* gone?

How

How came these Harpies?

Mar. I have run, *Picarro*,
A weary race in sin, and the last post
Being almost mine, I falter; I have stoln
Forth of my Chamber, with intent to leave
Your loathed fight for ever: to have fled
With my lov'd *Chaves* hence; but that your words,
Thought of my sin, the fear of *Dis* and vengeance
Has made a convert of me; kill me now:
I die repentant.

Pic. Since thou ask'st thy death,
I will not be so cruel, thou shalt live
To be my pitties Trophee: could I pardon
Thy fault, would you be honest?

Mar. O, Sir, do not
Make a poore contrite, now more miserable,
My life's to me grown odious: Sir, your thoughts
Run on my slaughter, but my minde's on Heav'n;
Aver it not, one word of life may hinder
My resolution: you have seen the palm
(That sweet date-bearing tree) hang down its head
(As't were to beg an Ax) toward the Earth,
To cut it up, when void of fruit and moisture
It seems a scorn unto its neighbour trees:
Of me'tis a true Embleme, I have lost
My fruit of Vertue, am become the shame
Of womanhood: do justice, rid the Earth
Of such an impious burden.

Pic. Wretched soul!
Thou shalt not die.

Mar. I do desire it.

Pic. Come!

Take up your vail, and follow me.

Mar. To death.

Pic. Yes! *Mariana*, die upon his Courser: (*brings him to Balthazar*)
Thou mad'st me murder.

Mar. One stab more: so now
Methinks I'm well, lend me your prayers, and shed
A tear for me, *Picarro*!

Pic. Yes! I'll help
T'imbalm thy Corps with my salt drops: but now
Since thou art dying, for the love I bore thee

While I did think thee virtuous: discharge
Thy soul of such a Ponderous crime, reveal
That *Chaves* to me.

Mar. No, I must not, *Love*
Will be incens't against me more: in peace
With all I'll yeeld this little puff of breath;

This flash of air, my life, to th' hands of death:
 Him I forgive that most hath wrong'd you, yet
 That you shall know, you are beholding to him;
 'Tis he that saved your life at my request:
 My blood converts to jelly, I am cold
 As Marble-dew within: my minute comes,
 Close my poor eyes, *Picarro*, say I die
 A penitent, that's all. *Oh!* *(begins to die)*

Pic. Redeive her, Saints,
 To your society: how sweet she looks?
 She's yet alive.

Cat. O no! Her breath is gone *(weeps)*

Pic. Surely she is, it cannot be such beauty
 Should rest in a cold Carcase: I could wish
 It were undone; or that my hand had been
 Blasted, e'er it had struck her: hadst thou carried
 Vertue in this fair mansion, thou hadst made me
 Too happy! *(Offers to kill Catalina.)*

Cat. Sir, you will not kill me too?

Pic. No! I have done enough, yet more blood must
 Follow: help, take her off the fordid Earth,
 Too good to bear her, and then bear her in:
 Be private as the night is. *Exit.*

Cat. I will, Sir.

Mar. So, is he gone? This *Catalina* I
 Have done to purchase my enfranchisement:
 Infuse some balsame to my bleeding wounds,
 Distill'd by some divine *Paonian* hand:
 And now, *Picarro*, will I seek thy death,
 And unto *Chaves* plot a quick escape
 Then to the Church or Chappel we will hit
 To make compleat our wisht felicity. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eugenia: Chaves.

Eug. A little further, Sir, I left him: Master,
 Here's Signior *Chaves*. Heav'ns protect me, see
 My Master's slain.

Cha. By whom?

Eug. I know not, Sir:
 I'm by this reason destitute of means
 To helpe me, here a stranger: please you, Sir,
 To grace me with employment: I should study
 To do you faithful service.

Cha. Friend, I care no,
 And if I do. *Enter Roderigues.*

Rod.

Rod. Sir, I am now arriv'd
At my long wish for port of bliss and wealth;
The holy rites are done; she is my own;
It is the greatest now of my misfortune
That yours lags still behind.

Cha. Our love returns
Thanks to your wish: Heav'n's crown your love with joy;
Long live in peace and bliss, and may your issue
Puzzle Arithmetick to number them;
Accept my thoughts, good friend, they're good, though they
Tumble from my distracted brain; if ought
Can add unto thy happiness, but with it
And my affection shall cry Amen!

Rod. Your love commands my duty to return
Whole Floods of thanks; your wish is so complet
'T needs no addition: Sir, what fellow's that
May he be conscious to our secrecies?

Cha. Yes! He is trusty, 'tis an honest fellow.

Rod. Gaspar has been with me, and full of tears
Told me, since last night w're discovered;
Your Mistress had run her lives hazard, had not
Gaspar—

Cha. Reliev'd her, is't not so? That fellow
Was born to do me good.

Rod. Her jealous spouse
Perceiving that she did affect some other,
Had slain her, had not she begg'd life till night,
And then we in our Masque must kill him.

Cha. Brave!
Excellent! 'Tis beyond imagination,
Come, let us in and make us ready.

Eng. Well!
I'll wing my feet, until my zeal can finde

Picarro out, and unto him reveal
My Masters secrets; save his life, and then
He will kill *Chaves*; so I shall revenge
His (sighted) perjury; and if I live
Chaves shall die, my brother I'll forgive.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Gaspar and Varlots.

Gas. Come, come! My noble Lads! The time grows on,
The Masquers will come by and by; here hold!
There's 40. Duckets; spare you no mans life
I bid you kill.

Var. I warrant you, Sir, we are old dog at it, they die if they had
Cats lives.

Gas. Well said my *Trojans*! I shall live to make
You walk the streets in Velvet, Plush, and Scarlet;

Fye!

Fye! on th' *Dutch* ferges and these fustian doublets;
Men of your quality to walk in such
Vulgar accoutrements?

Parl. We are Souldiers, Sir.

Gas. I'll have you all made Captains, go behind:
And when I hem, be nimble as the Bees:
Away my bullies.

Enter Picarro.

Pic. tell me treach'rous *Gaspar*!
What evil have I merited of you,
That you should be so perjur'd as to plot
My ruine purposely to free that Scrumper?
Should it be true, I might well stile thee villain:
I scarce believe it.

Gas. 'Tis a lye beyond
The Devils forging, think Sir, had my heart
Been so malicious, I would have appear'd
Again before you? you may easily see
The motive of their feigning this in hopes
By blaming me to save themselves, to make you
Beholding to them for the dear engagement
Of freeing you from danger, more for spite
That I love you and hate them: they imagin'd
Thus to betray me to your rage: receive
Dear Sir, my weapon, if you can conceit
That I can be so impious, kill me, do it
I do beseech you.

Pic. I should first conceive
All false and base before thy loyalty:
Thou hast been alwaies honest true, to me.

Gas. Villany 't selfe would not deceive your goodnesse:

Enter Eugenia.

Eug. Is not one Signior *Gaspar* here?

Gas. He's here:

What would you friend?

Eug. My Master, Signior *Chaves*
Commends him greatly to you, and desires
To speake one word with you.

Pic. *Chaves*? what's he?

Gas. One of the Masquers.

Eug. Though a stranger to you,
Because I see you are a Gentleman,
I'll save your life: know Cozen'd man, the masque
Is nothing but a dance unto your death:
That *Gaspar* has betraid you to that *Chaves*
That whor'd your wife: he doth expect without
To kill you: 'tis enough, farewell, be wise.

Exit.

Pic. Thou now art grown to that vast height in sin,
That *Diu* would gape and swallow thee, but that

The prime Fiends feast that thy vile treachery
(Shouldst thou come thither) would so large one shine
As doth *Hyperion* in his fullest Orb,
The smallest *Pleiad*; so they should not be
Respected 'mong th' infernal Regiments.
Thy crafts are now disclos'd, thy fanks ripe up,
I'll send thee strait with a deserved doom,
To keep society with the *Harpyas* troops,
And Fiends of that *Tartarian* Republick.

Gaf. Still you're so credulous; just Judges, use
E're they condemne, to heare both parties speak;
I understand *Chaves* to have wrong'd
You in your wife, that you might vendicate
The highest stile in vengeance-book, I went
And told him all, he has related, promised
You should be slain: but this was my intent,
Onely to train him hither to his death,
That as they both had sin'd, they both might suffer
Vengeance together.

Pic. Why knew I not this?

Gaf. 'Twas my intent you should have known't, he only
Anticipated my relation.

That you should know, I lie not——hem! hem! (*varlets appear*.)

Pic. What are these?

Gaf. Why these are they I hit'd to do the act,
To send them both to hell: tell me, my lads

Of *Steele*, did I not swear you to decide

One *Chaves* into Atoms?

Var. Yes! sound truth!

Gaf. And whom 't should please *Picarro* to command?

Var. Yes! on our honest words!

Gaf. Lo! here comes *Chaves* masqued—hem! Enter *Chaves* masqued
There stand the men *Picarro*, that must kill him! (*varlets wound*.)

Cba. Treason! I'm murr'd, yet scorn to perish.

Unvengeanc'd, you shall know I have a spirit. (*offers to draw.*)

Eugenia's curses hang upon my arm,

Or *Virgins* teares have gl'd my sword so fast,

I can't unsheath it: Oh! my strength decays. (*falls*.)

Tremble not earth that thou must bear me, see

Eugenia waited on by glorious Troops.

Of constant lovers, comes t'upbraid me with

My perjury, but I'll not bear it. Oh! (*dies.*)

Gaf. O Sir, you thought you could deflower our virgins

Without revenge, in *Balthazar's* destruction

You did triumph; and you have slain *Picarro*:

Look! he lies weltring in his gore: I hope

You'll pay me nobly for betraying him?

You shall enjoy your Mistress, I expect

Within

Within your presence !

Enter Rodriguez masqued.

Red. Ha ! *Picarro* slain ?

(Stumbles at Chaves.)

My zeale has been too tardy ; I have lost

My share of honor in this noble act. *(looks and sees 'ris Chaves.)*

Heav'n's bleſſe me, where's that villain that durſt draw

This noble blood ? villain this hand ſhal be *(draws & running at Gaſt)*

Thy Executioner ! Treafon ! 's hell broke looſe ? *par is ſtabd by varlets)*

Has *Pluto* ſent theſe Bandogs out ? yet take *(runs at Gaſpar.)*

One thruſt from my revengefull arm, 'twill make

Some expiation for my noble friend,

And theſe my wounds ! Alas ! my hand's grown weak,

Yet will I lay me by his noble corps,

(he falls)

We'll brethren be in death : and know our Ghoſts

Shall make you run diſtracted ! poore *Varina* !

As my laſt pledge of love, in ſtreams of blood

Dropt from my own veins, will I drink thy health :

Farewell my Deare ; may heav'n commiſerate

Thy ſadneſſe, and protect thee. Oh !

(Dies)

Pic. 'S This he

That ſtole *Varina* to his luſt ?

Gaſ. 'Tis he,

'Tis *Roderiguez*, *Chaves* his Comrade

In all his villainies ; 'tis he that ſlew

Prapontio at his wedding, and convey'd

Varina to her ruine, and his luſt.

This Lady is a ſtranger

Enter Eugenia in her own dreſſe, finds

Eng. May mine eye

Chaves dead, goes to his corps.

Now ſee the ruine of this perjur'd villain !

Now my diſguiſe is uſeleſſe, Heav'n hath own'd

My cauſe at length, and its due vengeance ſhow'd

Upon his perjur'd head ; Heav'n's plagues are ſure.

Perfidious *Chaves*,

That curſt hand that helpt

Thee to fulfill thy luſt, now work't thy fall :

Baltazar's death, *Picarro's* wrong is now

Retaliat in this thy ruine : but ſtay,

Some vengeance fall from my provoked hand ;

Eugenia gives thee this, and this ; may take

One more for her account, perfidions ſlave !

As if thy perjury could not wrong enough

Eugenia, and the honor of our houſe ;

Thou muſt ſeduce my brother to thy part,

Make him copartner in thy crimes ; for him,

For *Roderiguez* ſake, I'll give thee this :

(ſtabs him)

Nor ſhall my Fathers griefe unpunish'd goe :

One ſtab for him : methinks my rage now ſits

Triumphant in her element ; while I

Feed it with wounds, and make his blood repay

*ſtabs him
with a bod-
kin.*

Both principall and Interest of my tears !
 We thank you *Gaspar*, and *Picarro* both,
 For this our bloody banquet: He! who's this? (*Sees her brother*).
 My brother! Cursed villains! who durst be
 So cruel a Phlebotomist, to strike
 One vein of his? dear brother! might I fetch
Prometheus-like, new fire from th' heavenly axell
 To put in this pure Carcass: could my breath
 Infuse new life into thee, I would lay
 My self upon thy lips, and kiss, till all
 My vigours transmigrated into thee:
 But since the heav'ns are deaf, and death will deigne
 No audience to my wish, thy sister shall:
 Lay her thy Bedfellow: and with one stroke
 In Crimson-streams swim with thee unto bliss. Oh! (*dies*)

Gas. A bloody objects still of ruine? this will be
 A bloody Poppet-play: ————

Enter Varina;

Vari. This way he went.

Now fortune do thy worst, I scorn thy frown,
 Deride at those contractions on thy brow:
 Speak louder with thy threats, and spare not me,
Varina now will live in spite of thee.

Gas. *Varina*! welcome home, God give you joy:
 Faith! 'tis not handsome thus to steal a wedding:
 When shall I have my Gloves? *Picarro*, feel
Varina bids you joy.

Pic. She claims my thanks.

Var. Saw you my husband lately, Cousin?

Gas. There!

There he's in bed with *Chaves*. (*She swoonds and dies*)

Pic. Help, she falls!

Gas. Faith! 'tis no matter: this is she, whose skill

Helpt *Chaves* to his Mistress; and so fool'd

Balthasar of his hopes: it was her Counsell

Betraid poor *Mariana*; 'twas her head

That forged all the plots against your honour.

Pic. Excellent *Gaspar*! I do see thou'rt honest

Above all malice, thou shalt share estates

With me, thou dost deserve it, friend.

Gas. All this

I've done for you, illustrious Sir, and now

Reward me how you please: would I have been

False, Sir, I could have had that mans estate,

But your love is more worth then all the worlds:

What doom must *Mariana*, Sir, expect?

Pic. She had escap'd, and I by chance did find her:

Stealing to *Chaves* tabern, and in rage

I sent her to the Devill for a pawn.

Gas. Ha! Am I couzen'd? you did well, 'twas Justice,

The Law does free you, for you only slew.

Your wife, and her Adulterer.

Pic. O *Gaspar*! What means this murderer?

Gas. He! I shall fool! (They stab *Picarro*)

Glory in *Mariana's* death; you may

Get a new wife so beautiful.

Pic. Slave! Bastard!

Hast thou no spark, or jot of goodness left?

The salvyge *Arab*, on the horn-foot *Savoy*

May but commence thy pupils, cruel slave!

Who e're begot thee, sure thy mother drew

Her blood from the *Bassarides*, or was

Of near alliance to that cursed Hag,

That into fritters slic'd her only son:

Hell was thy Cradle, and some *Happy* did

Perform the office of a wretched nurse:

Thy heart can study nought but treachery,

But! Oh! I feel the angry hand of death,

Gripe my small arteries, and *Atropos*

Hath bit my thread of life. Forgive me Heav'n!

Treason! Oh! Treason! (dies)

Gas. Look me dead, fond man

To vex thee more, 'twas I that first betray'd

Thy wife to *Chaves*: I that did procure

Balthasar to have murdered thee, and now

At last, when I was all disclos'd, came over

Thy stupid brain, only in one thing crost,

(In *Mariana's* death) my plots has hit,

They're all o're-reach'd by one poor Bastard's wit.

(Enter *Mariana* and *Catalina*.)

Is not this *Mariana*? sure it is.

Ma. O horrid spectacle! what wretched hand

Durst to attempt this execrable fact!

Chaves, *Picarro*, and *Balthasar* slain?

Poor *Roderiguez*, and *Varina* too?

What unknown Lady's this? (methinks her face

Speaks her ally'd to *Roderiguez*!) Oh!

Let me but kiss those lips, and send my soul

With thine into *Elysium* to dwell:

Lo! in these windows that let forth thy life,

I powre the helpless balm of my poor eyes:

Avant! thou dreadfull minister of hell!

Thy power could touch but their mortality:

Their souls thou could'st not hurt: Avant, begone!

If heav'n have any grievous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O! let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation

In showers of fiery Vengeance on thy head.

Behold,

Behold, the pattern of thy Butcheries !
 See ! Villain ! See ! how my Poore *Chaves* wound
 Open their congeald mouths, and bleed a fresh
 Blush ! blush ! thou lump of baseness ! *Bastard* ! blush !
 Within whose breast more snakes and *Hydra's* dwell
 Then in the *Stygian* and *Lernaean* Dens ;
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales the blood
 From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;
 May Heaven with lightning fry thee into death,
 Or let the inhiant Earth Devour thee quick,
 As it doth swallow up my *Chaves* blood.

Gas. Cousin, you know no Rules of Charity.

Ma. Villain ! thou know'st no Law of God or Man ;
 No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity

Gas. I slew them not.

Ma. Then say they were not slain.
 But dead they are, and Devilish Slave by thee.

Gas. I did not kill your *Chaves*.

Mar. Then he lives.

Gas. Nay, he is dead, and by *Picarro's* slain.

Mar. Take heed, thou monstrous lye will choke you ; did
 Not you kill my dear *Chaves* ?

Gas. I grant ; yes !

Mar. Dost grant me ? he was only fit for Heaven,
 And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Gasp. He lives that loves you better, then he could.

Ma. Name him.

Gas. Your friend and servant, faithful *Gasper*.

Ma. Where is he ?

Gas. Here.

What ? dost thou spit at me ?

Ma. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake ;
 Out of my sight thou dost infect mine eyes.

Gas. Thy eyes sweet Cousin, have infected mine.

Ma. Would they were Basilisks to strike thee dead.

Gas. That you may know, how little I respect
 Your love ; receive this token from my arme.

(Kills her, *Catalina* runs out.)

Varl. What shall we do now, Signior ?

Gas. You must sweare

Balthazar killed *Marianna*, *Chaves*

Balthazar ; *Chaves* and *Varina* fell

By mad *Picarro's* arme ; then in revenge

Roderiguez kill'd *Picarro* ; this is brave.

*I will hold out water well, but where's this vench ?

This devill *Catalina* ? heavens ! she's gone !

We're all betraid, undone.

Enter Alonso, Alvarez, and Rodriguez.

Catalina with guards.

Gas. O noble Patron!

Behold the ruin of the stateliest structure,

Dame Nature, ever built by those crafty villains

Ala. My daughter!

Gas. Comfort *Signior*! Let your reason
Put reins unto your passion! Courage!

Ala. What? cometh *Gasper* now to comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,

Whose dismall tune bereft my vitall powers,

And thinks he that the chirping of a wren

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first conceived sounds?

Hide not thy poyson with such sugred words,

Lay not thy hands on me, forbear I say,

Their touch affrights me with a serpents sting;

Thou balefull messenger! out of my sight;

Upon thy eye-balles murderous Tyranny

Sits in grim majesty to fright the world;

Look not upon me, for thy eyes are wounding;

Yet doe not goe a way; come *Bastard*!

And kill the innocent Gazer with thy sight;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy?

In life, but double death, now she is dead,

Come hither, *Alvarez*, and fright thy soules

With a new *Gorgon*; see! see! where thy sonne

Lies weltring in his gore!

Ala. Who did this murder?

Gas. He, that foule monster, and this cursed villain

With that, came rushing in and slew your daughter

First, then *Picarro* killing him, was slain

By these two varlots:

Ala. Quick, lay hold on them!

First with strong ropes wee'll bind them to the rack;

And with hott Irons extort their sparkling Eyes.

Gas. Sir, credit not this villaine! by his means

Chaves enjoy'd your daughter; 'twas his brain

That hammer'd all this mischief; and at length

When *Marianna* would not own his love,

With his own hand he stab'd her; he's not so

Bastard!

Gas. Confide not in these feigned Comments!

Fred. Confesse you varlots, or I'll rack you!

1. Varl. He

Hir'd us unto it; and first by his Command

Tell this man *Chaves* by our impious hands:

And after, *Roderiguez*: then this Lady

Seeing

Seeing her Brother slain, did with her bodkin
 Open her veins and laid her by his side;
 Next this *Mariana*, whose young spouse was lately
 Massacred here, now swoons into her death;
 Then by this mans command *Ficarro* fell,
 And by his own hand *Mariana*, thus
 Ended this Tragick Scene.

Cas. 'Tis doubtlesse true;
 But 'twas *Ficarro* that slew *Balthasar*:

Gaf. Am I betraid? clap, thunder at my fall,
 For Fame shall speak me for as false a Bastard,
 As Sin e're view'd; you'll laugh when you doe see
 My limbs distended on the torturing Rack:
 But you shall lose your aim; since I must die,
 I'll please my self in chusing of my death.
 But know, *Alonso*, 'twas your baseness, that
 Urg'd me to this revenge; which you must feele
 A little nearer; you your self shall fall. (*Stabs him.*)
 Curse on you all! this hand shall now set free
 My self from your intended tyrannie. (*Stabs himself.*)

Alv. Hold! hold his hands! we'll him in piecemel tear,
 And throw his carcasse for the Dogs to feed on;
 The earth ne're bore a monster like him.

Fred. Hold!
 Keep life in him, till we compleat his torments,
 That his black eyes may see the vengeance due
 To his deserts; which plagues shall studied be.

Gaf. 'Tis past, I'm going now, my blood is pale;
 It comes thin from my heart-strings: may you all
 Perish, alone the Bastard doth not fall. (*Dies.*)

Alv. Convey these bodies in, our grief shall swell;
 And sudy torments that may equall Hell, *Exeunt.*

ERRATA.

Page 4. line 21. for Dull read Full. P.9 l.18. for with r. which P.16. l. 37. for
 disert r. desert. P.20. l.46. for optick r. optick. P.21 l. 10. for theyr. they've. P.
 30. l.12. Exit. and penult. for this winding. r. their. P.33. l.21. for willt r. will'r.
 P.40. l.19. for panvillos, r. panillos. P.64. l.33. r. Las! Sir, I.

F I N I S.

EPILOGVE.

Now we have done, 'ts the greatest of our Fears,
You'll say, W^e ave led you hither by the Ears
To see some strange Conceit: But when you came
You found our ^{*}Spitall-wits, both Blind and Lame:
Faith! if w^e ave made you Fools! 'twere best you be
Silent, that you may have more Company.

If any injury be done, We doe
Acknowledge, it is onely done to you:
We cook'd it for your Palats, if the Me^at
Disrelish, don't indict us for a Cheat:
We hop'd to please: if ought disgust, We wish
You'd think it but an ill-cookt Spanish Disb.

Your Patience claims our Thanks: Let GASPAR have
Your Favours hang like Scutcheons o're his Grave:
His Death hath Justice satisfied: from you
We doe (on his behalf) for Mercy sue.
Let not your hasty Censures raise those Stones
Which doe Inurn him, or disturb his Bones,
And throw his Ashes in the air, be wise,
Lest his prond Dust rise, and put out your eyes.
Bridle your Passion: 'twere sin, your breath
Should sting his Name, and blast him after Death.
My Fancy prompts Me, that your Votes will give
(Attested by your hands) a large Reprieve
'Gainst Envie's doom, and that his Genius shall
Not be condemn'd as quite Apocryphall:
If any Strain's unsav'ry, or don't fit
Your Humour, say it is a Bastard-Wit:
It is our hopes in Country, Court, and City,
If not your Love, We shall deserve your Pity.

FINIS.

M

